

# The Sketch

No. 1291.—Vol. C.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1917

SEVENPENCE.



THE HAY-BARCLAY WEDDING: LORD EDWARD HAY AND HIS BRIDE.

Lord Edward Douglas John Hay, brother of the Marquess of Tweeddale, and son of the Dowager-Marchioness of Tweeddale, was married, on Oct. 18, to Miss Violet Florence Catherine (Bridget) Barclay, daughter of Major Cameron Barclay, of the Hussars, and the Hon. Mrs. Barclay, of The Orchard, York, at St. Columba's (Church of Scotland), Pont Street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Archibald Fleming, D.D., minister of the church. The band of the Grenadiers Guards was in attendance,

Lord Edward Hay being a Lieutenant in that regiment. The bride was given away by her father, and there were two little bridesmaids—Miss Cecilia Waring, daughter of Major and Lady Clementine Waring, niece of the bridegroom; and the Hon. Ursula Vivian, daughter of Lord and Lady Vivian. Lord Charles Hope, brother of the Marquess of Linlithgow, acted as best man. The Hon. Mrs. Barclay held a reception at 27, Belgrave Square, the residence of Lord and Lady Greville.—[Photo, by Langfier.]



BY KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

**History of a New Ministry.** *Jan. 1.—New Ministry formed.*  
*Jan. 2.—Director-General nominated.*  
*Jan. 3.—Director-General received with shouts of praise.*  
*Jan. 4.—Director-General gets to work.*  
*Jan. 5.—What is Director-General doing?*  
*Jan. 6.—Director-General should take public into his confidence.*  
*Jan. 7.—Director-General must speak out or go.*  
*Jan. 8.—Director-General publicly formulates scheme.*  
*Jan. 9.—Disappointment with Director-General.*  
*Jan. 10.—Director-General duffer.*  
*Jan. 11.—Director-General public menace.*  
*Jan. 12.—Resignation of Director-General.*  
*Jan. 13.—Successor to Director-General nominated.*  
*Jan. 14.—New Director-General hailed with roars of praise.*  
*Jan. 15.—New Director-General sets to work.*  
*Jan. 16.—Apathy on part of public.*  
*Jan. 17.—What is New Ministry costing?*  
*Jan. 18.—What is New Ministry doing?*  
*Jan. 19.—Has Public confidence in New Ministry?*  
*Jan. 20.—Great advance in Flanders.*  
*Jan. 21.—New Ministry forgotten. Tea in peace.*

**Sir John Simon at the Front.** Much interest, as they say, has been aroused by the announcement that Sir John Simon is about to enter the Army. Sir John should feel gratified. He is, after all, only forty-four. Many other gentlemen of his age have given up all to follow the colours, and nobody (friends, relatives, and tailors excepted) has cared a rap.

Sir John Simon, who is two years my senior, was a contemporary of mine at Oxford. I always attended the Union debates. So did he. He was always perfectly self-possessed. He had a quiet manner, and an even quieter humour. But he was always exactly in the centre of the stage, especially when the great political guns, such as Mr. Asquith, came down to electrify and paralyse the lads.

Sir John Simon is very neat. His clothes were always neat, and his little retorts were always neat. I cannot conceive that he will ever be muddy in France. I am quite sure he will never be excited. He will never stumble. He will never be a second late on parade. He is a perfectly reliable person. He may get the V.C., but he will never get hot.

The papers tell me, with patient reiteration, that Sir John Simon is making a colossal fortune at the Bar. I sincerely hope he is, for he will not find the pay of a second-lieutenant more than sufficient to smooth a few roughnesses in his path. Not that he will notice the roughnesses. He is a light stepper.

If you want a complete contrast, take another Oxford contemporary—Hilaire Belloc.

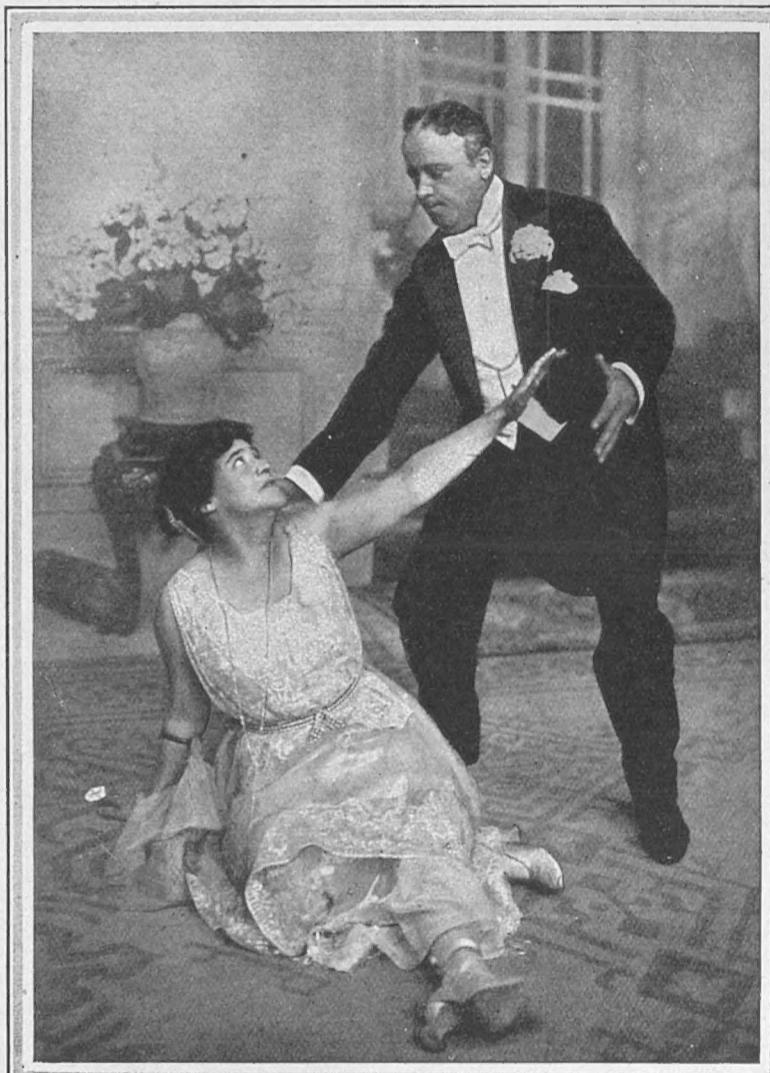
**In the Meantime.** One sometimes feels, for a few moments, that one has slightly shifted a straw.

"My dear Chicot," writes a gallant Captain, "I have read with a great deal of pleasure your article *re* the question of officers' wives being charged the full fares when travelling with their husbands. It is a cruel fact that those women, who bear with fortitude all the terrible anxieties of this war, should, when the husband gets leave, have to put up with the additional anxiety caused them by the cost of travelling.

"I am not speaking for myself, but of hundreds of the new Army officers whose means make it quite impossible for their wives to travel to the nearest town to the camp where their light duty is being carried through. I congratulate *The Sketch* on being the first leading paper to bring this hardship before the public."

What are the public going to do about it? The war has been going forward for some time, and bushels of eulogies have been laid at the feet of officers' wives. Not without reason. Their silent heroism needs not a syllable from me. You all know all about it.

But they still go on dipping into their little purses for those brown notes that represent food and drink and firing for themselves and the babies. Would it not be a sweet and gentle thing to do—to make, I mean, their journeys of love less like tortures of conscience?



A BERRY MERRY MAGISTRATE AND HIS WIFE: MR. W. H. BERRY AND MISS MAISIE GAY AT THE ADELPHI.

Pinero and Musical Comedy at the Adelphi have proved a success. Mr. W. H. Berry as the Magistrate, and Miss Maisie Gay as his wife, contribute their full share to "The Boy," the merry version of that merry farce, "The Magistrate."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

**Triumph of the Sad Ones.** We are, of course, a

sad race of people. I hate all truisms, but the man who said we take our pleasures sadly must be saluted. We do.

The gay party had a splendid try when the war began. "Now," they told each other, "is the time for some fun. If we die to-morrow, let us laugh to-night." So they went to the revues.

Then somebody put all the lights out. That was a slight disheartener, but the gay party got inside buildings and danced. This was stopped.

The revues went on, but the most popular item in them was always the little melodrama in the middle. Some shooting for light war-relief. . . .

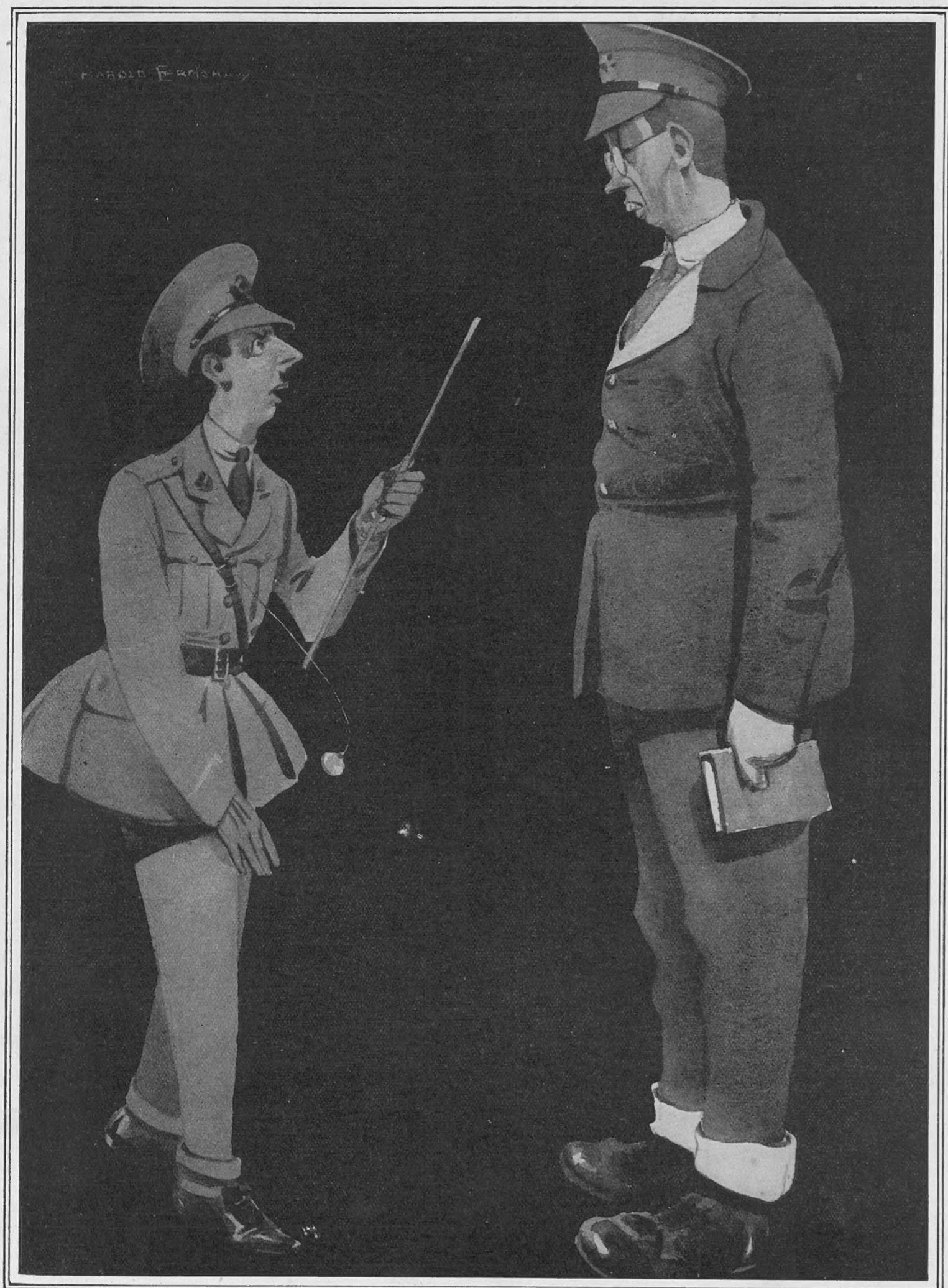
Finally—oh, wonder of wonders!—the most terribly gloomy plays in the Scandinavian and French languages were produced at homes of mirth. The great public fought to get in! Is it not a fact? They keep on doing it! And some idiots expected the English to be cheerful for the duration of the war!

Now and again, a bit of good news comes along. Who takes any notice? We sit on it and smother it. The flags lie folded away in our attics, and the bells hang idle and coated with dust in their gloomy towers.

A fearful and a wonderful race! Who shall venture to say that he understands the English—much less the Scottish?

Yet we made Lloyd George Premier because he is cheerful! The greatest paradox of the war!

## SUB. AND SUPERMAN.



THE COMBED-OUT SUB. (*to Private Stiggins, from hospital*) : Why didn't you salute me?

STIGGINS THE DEVOUT : Sorry, Sir; I didn't notice you. My thoughts were of higher things.



**Tightening the Tie of Friendship.**

The Entente Cordiale received a strong push on the evening of Oct. 15, when a fresh *liaison* was inaugurated between England and France by the formation of the Anglo-French Society. Lord Burnham presided at an overflowing, enthusiastic meeting in the Venetian Room of the Holborn Restaurant, addressing the audience in French. Mr. Edmund Gosse, le Marquis de Chasseloup-Laubat, the well-known engineer, and Sir Henry Newbolt spoke in English; and Mr. Henry Davray the Honorary French Secretary of the new Society, in French. Mr. Gosse referred to the first English poet who went to France for inspiration 550 years ago, Chaucer; and urged his countrymen who fight shy of ideas not to be afraid to cultivate them, as do the French. The politicians and merchants should not have it all their own way; there should also be an entente between poets, and a cultivation of the chivalry of intelligence in the atmosphere of which the French live. Lord Burnham read letters approving the Society from the Prime Minister, the French Ambassador (M. Paul Cambon), the French Prime Minister (M. Painlevé), to whom he referred as one of the great mathematicians of France, and M. Tramplin-Bouillon, a member of the French Ministry. Mlle. Giselle Herriot recited very charmingly Henri Bataille's "Le Gant Blanc." In the audience were M. Marchat, representative of the French Consul-General, Earl Brassey, the Marquise de Chasseloup-Laubat, Miss Winifred Stephens, and Mr. W. Hislop, the Honorary English Secretary of the Society. During the winter, lectures will be given by Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Lawrence Binyon, Professor Paul Mantoux, and Mr. W. L. George, our brilliant Anglo-French novelist, whose two books, "La Ville Lumière" and "The Making of an Englishman," show such insight into French and English life and psychology.



MAJOR - GENERAL J. M. SALMON, NEW DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF MILITARY AERONAUTICS, WITH A SEAT ON THE ARMY COUNCIL.  
Photograph by Langford.

**Boadicea—the Brave Indeed!**

courageous company Pageant at Stamford Bridge, in the Chelsea Football Ground, on Oct. 15, 16, 17, and 18. Unfortunately, the weather did not second the efforts of these energetic helpers; and the spectators, shivering in their fur coats, though protected by the roof shelters, felt full of sympathy and concern for the sandalled, short-leaved and altogether scantily clothed Gauls and Romans disporting themselves in the wet grass, while wind and rain ravaged the Druidical forests of painted canvas! Open-air entertainments in England are at all seasons a gauntlet thrown at the Clerk of the Weather, but in late October it is still more of a reckless experiment. Let us hope that Captain Vesian-Pic's fine spectacle may shortly be given again under more auspicious circumstances—and *under cover!*

**Merry Islington.**

Those of our Overseas defenders who will be in town next week can vary their amusements



BERLIN RATIONED FOR CLOTHES—  
"ONE PAIR SANDALS"  
Berlin is being rationed for clothes. In the official wardrobe for each person is allowed "one pair sandals."



OPENING A SOUTH ISLINGTON DAY NURSERY:  
PRINCESS PATRICIA.

by going to East Islington, it being a really exciting English election. Noel Pemberton Billing and his Vigilants are running an Independent candidate on the policy of a great air offensive. Now those of you who have a little time to spare should make a pilgrimage to "Merrie Islington." I remember, when I went to Mile End at the time of Billing's first candidature, a boy about fourteen who was busy helping remarked about the Air Candidate, "Oh, he'll get in all right—he's lived here a week, he has, with his wife." Knowing it could be no task to Mr. Billing to pass a week in his wife's company, I remarked, "You don't seem to like your neighbourhood very much." "I don't live 'ere," replied the child, really hurt, "not half. I live near Charing Cross, I do; I've come to help—never miss an election, I don't!" I wished him joy of it.

**The Ebony Bangle.**

Bohemia blinked through the tobacco-smoke of the Café Royal the other night, when Mlle. Edmée Dormeuil, with her distinguished-looking husband and some friends, came down after dinner. The smart little lady's wonderful furs and jewels were surpassed in interest by a curious anklet of ebony studded with diamonds which she wears on the left ankle. Mlle. Dormeuil is to appear shortly in "Le Roi," a French play to be produced next month at the Théâtre des Alliés.

**Dressing-Room Hospitality.**

José Collins has a large family of mascots decorating her dressing-room at

Daly's—a big room very cleverly furnished in the Futurist, but not three-weeks manner! As everybody knows, José Collins is a

Southern type of beauty, and her hospitality is like that which obtained in the South "befo' de war"—the war between the North and South of America. The day I went to see her she had quite a jolly gathering of people, and, though war rations were strictly observed, everyone had a good time. The only one in the room who did not appear to flourish on war rations was José Collins' dog, one of the finest Borzois that have ever been bred—she says it is the best in this country.

BERLIN RATIONED FOR CLOTHES—  
"If a person in Berlin has a summer overcoat or mantle, a winter one may be obtained in exchange. A medical certificate is necessary in order to have both."—The question: "Am I frail enough to have both?"

A Preacher from Poplar.

The woman I should like to see impersonate Joan of Arc, Maude Royden, the well-known woman preacher, has a large following for her mid-week talks at the Conference Hall, Central Buildings, Westminster; the next ones are on Oct. 24 and 31, at 3.15 p.m. Maude Royden has all sorts of interesting things to say on all occasions, in the pulpit and out, and she lives the simple life in Poplar in a quaint little cottage, and nary an air raid has made her budge. She is enthusiastic about the courage of the people of Poplar.

**Pagoda Sleeves.** Most of the new models at Worth's are reminiscent of Chinese robes as far as lines are concerned, the tunics being straight and slit on each side below the hips; while the skirt, worn longer than last season, is often of a contrasting colour, or black if the tunic is of a daring hue. Sleeves are of the pagoda persuasion. Another "new" fashion is merely a revival of the bishop sleeve—a rather short upper sleeve with cuffs, and "puffs" of chiffon. Mediæval gowns are still having a vogue; one of the most beautiful I have seen this season is made of parchment-coloured velvet, with a stencilled design of gold and rose apples with their green leaves. It was meant for a red-haired woman. I went into a Hanover Street shop the other day to buy trousseau hats with a friend, and the little milliner there told me that velvet hats with big *chou* crowns were the latest thing from Paris. At the Carlton I saw Helen Morris



MR. HENRY FIELDING DICKENS, K.C., THE NEW COMMON SERJEANT.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



SIR JOHN SIMON WHO IS GOING INTO KHAKI AFTER HAVING VOLUNTEERED ON TWO PREVIOUS OCCASIONS.

Photograph by Lafayette.



"BOADICEA"  
AT STAMFORD  
BRIDGE.

Some of the properties the Artist spoke to complained bitterly that the rain was spoiling their show...

to go. The guests included Mrs. Keith Ekman, Captain Llewellyn Thomas, Miss Cave Thomas, Lieutenant Stevenson, and other wounded officers recuperating in various Brighton homes.

A Windsor Concert.

concert for the Guards Regiment on the 12th inst. The artists—who included Dr. Watts, Mus.Bac., Mr. Spurge,

Mrs. Montagu Brown, whose husband is one of the Military Knights of Windsor, organised a delightful concert for the Guards Regiment on the 12th inst. The artists—who included Dr. Watts, Mus.Bac., Mr. Spurge, Miss Parbury, and M. Harry Josef's orchestra—pleased muchly their warlike Windsor audience, and, after an enthusiastically applauded programme, were bidden to sup in the historic room in Henry the Eighth's Gate where once Anne Boleyn used to dine. There is a creepy spiral stair leading to this apartment, and down it poor unlucky Anne is said to have gone to her beheading. Her ghost, of course, haunts it now, in mournful grey, with hands that she wrings in anguish...

Our Useful Artillery.

Looking out from a window near Hyde Park the other morning, I saw an original use for artillery (transport) carts. There were a whole long file of them in procession, coming from one of our big railway depots (officially vague nomenclature for fear of our Censor), their sleek bay horses and smart drivers no whit perturbed by their heavy loads of—coal. Yes, enormous Derby Brights. A bright idea—what!

QUESTIONED AS TO LASZLO INTERNMENT; NIGHT AIR-RAID WARNINGS; TAXIS; AND OTHER MATTERS: SIR GEORGE CAVE. Photograph by Swaine.

A New Museum. It is so new that I have only just heard of it myself, so I hasten to spread the knowledge. I am referring to the Johnson Museum, Gough Square, Fleet Street, generously presented to the nation by Cecil Harmsworth nearly three years ago. You see, the war has occupied us all this time, and the final arrangements for the maintenance of the museum have not yet been made. However, you can visit it all right. I proceeded to do so by entering through the archway of the old houses in Holborn—those crooked, gabled, white-and-black

fronts that seem so unrelated to the rest of the street. You find yourself straightway in Staple Inn, whose earliest date is 1729, and over the doors are Latin inscriptions relating to Roberto Jenkyn (1734) and Thomas Warden (1737), Gentlemen. Johnson, too, lived in one of these houses; but, unfortunately, there is no record as to which one;

The Housewife: "What, no tea, no sugar, no butter, no margarine, no eggs, and no rice? Well, if I'd known, I would not have got up."

also he lived last of all in Bolt Court, The Temple, besides in Johnson's Court, to which he gave his name. Through an echoing passage that takes you to the Patent Office, you must halt in sheer



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"BOADICEA" AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

Alan H. Leamy as Cassivelaunus, King of Trinobantum.

astonishment because you stumble on an unexpected and entirely charming Dutch garden—square and stone-paved, with sentinel yews and yellow chrysanthemums outlining a fountain that (actually!) was playing, to a Gothic door surmounted by a benign gold-lettered clock dated 1757. Reluctantly I left them in their own company, and by 10 a.m. turnings, which included a glimpse of the Old Court—certainly not reminiscent of the fields of life!—I arrived at Gough Square, where I had arranged to meet a friend. He, not being of the class who habitually go down to Fleet Street, had taken a taxi—the driver was equally interested as his fare in the museum's location (that's an Americanism caught from a visitor). "Thirty years," he said, "have I been driving hansom and taxis in their turn about London, and none have ever asked me for Gough Square but you." The lady custodian, who is particularly accurate and interesting, took us in. We began at the top of the house—whose outside restoration is complete but not remarkable (it was used for years as a printer's office, and was in the last stage of collapse when Mr. Harmsworth rescued it)—and gazed with awe around the garret, a large, light room, in which the famous dictionary was actually compiled. There it sits now, two volumes, dated 1755, on a round table. Johnson used to sail forth to Whitehall, where he had the run of George the Third's library, and that monarch's patronage. His publisher, Strahan, lived just round the corner—you could have thrown a stone over the heads of the pigeons (whose descendants are on the window-ledges to-day) almost on to the printing-press. The firm, by the way, is now Eyre and Spottiswoode. The house is entirely raftered and panelled, with a spiral stair; its exact date is not known, but it is certainly Georgian. The wood is oak, or pitch-pine; and there are old drop-handles to the doors that made my heart ache with unrighteous coveting. Across the front door goes a great cable chain like that of a ship's anchor—a protection against intruders!



ABOUT TO MAKE HIS FIRST FLIGHT IN FRANCE: MR. KERMIT ROOSEVELT (ON LEFT).

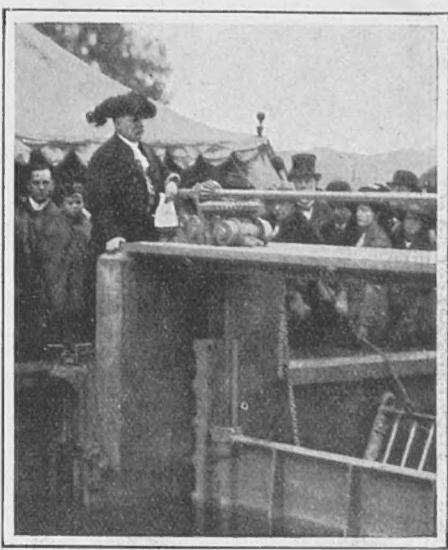
Photograph by Wyndham.

Not Gun-Powder. In the library are books, priceless of their kind, relating to the great Doctor, and collected by Mr. Richard Harrison. The drawing-room is in Chippendale style, with simple white mouldings to frieze and dado, and—a big powder-closet! The morning-room has an unexpected log-cupboard halfway up the wall. Can't you imagine Mrs. Thrale, in cap and mittens, making up the fire, whilst Sir Joshua Reynolds and other of Johnson's friends paid her compliments about her charms? The dining-room has a cellaret-cupboard in one corner; and just outside it, on the stairs, is a wine-bin where the Johnson Club keep some of their wine. The famous old cellars are away below, by the vaulted kitchen.

The Johnson

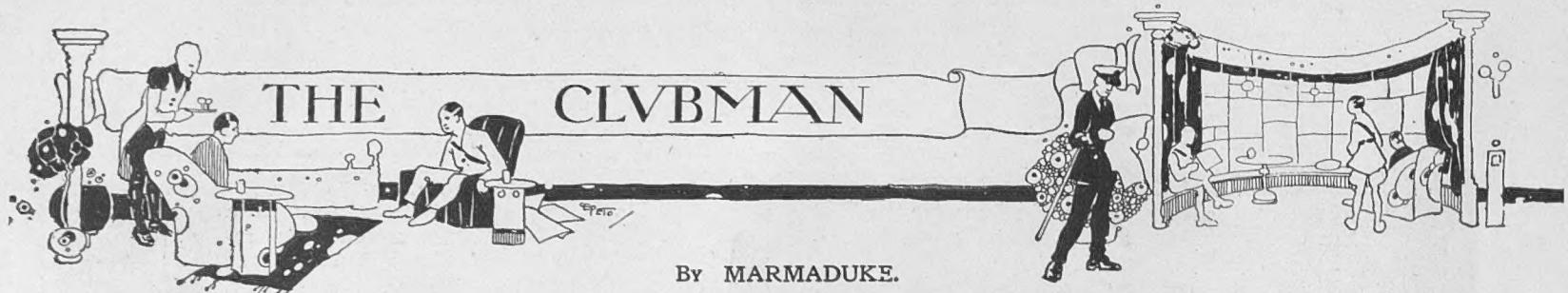
Club meets once a quarter (at six for seven) to sup in Johnson's house—they have an old-time supper sent in from the Cheshire Cheese, make a great punch, and open some of their finest port in honour of the distinguished guests who are bidden to the party. The Johnson Club itself keeps to the original number—twenty-six, I think.

Blue, Black, and Vermilion. Noted at a dinner-party a charming scheme of table-decoration. In one of those black bowls which most of us possess nowadays a few large red autumn leaves were floating. The bowl was placed on a piece of Chinese embroidery in royal-blue silk. The general effect was notably effective and offered one more object-lesson in the success which follows on a discreet blend of simplicity and art.



DIVERTING A RIVER: THE LORD MAYOR AT A NEW AERODROME.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



BY MARMADUKE.

TO men and women who have lived long, and in the necessary favourable conditions, scarcely a subject arises that does not remind them of interesting, entertaining, and even—occasionally—sensational circumstances. There have been several references in the newspapers in the past few weeks to "The Foreign Office Bag"—the altogether ordinary, stout linen sack in which despatches are conveyed from London to our diplomatic representatives abroad, or from them to Downing Street. The imaginative public attaches much importance to the "Bags," and the plots of novels and plays continually pivot more or less upon them. There are several stories, however, connected with the matter—with some of the following paragraphs are concerned.

The "Foreign Office Bags" are of many sizes: they may be a trifle more than a foot in length by a little less in breadth, or so large that, when filled, to lift one requires a strong porter. At the approach of Christmas and the New Year, in the late reign, the "King's Messenger" frequently had to hire three or four taxicabs to convey from the Foreign Office to the station from which he was to start the "Bags" loaded with presents from members of the Royal Family to relations, connections, and friends upon the Continent. The "Bags" would then range from the smallest to the largest, and it was the duty of the "King's Messenger" to deliver each at the particular Court for which it was intended. One Christmas, so it was said, an absent-minded "Messenger" contrived to leave many of the "Bags" at the wrong addresses, it entailing weeks of correspondence afterwards to set matters right with sensitive or disappointed Personages whose presents had been mis-delivered.

Of another "King's Messenger," who had newly been appointed and had no previous experience of the responsibilities of official employment, it is told that on his first journey to the Continent he left all the "Bags" entrusted to his care at a junction at which it was necessary to change trains, completely forgetting their very existence until urgent messages from the Foreign Office reminded him of them! "Foreign Office Bags" often contained, in former days, less

important objects than despatches. At the time that the celebrated Lord Lyons was British Ambassador at Paris, there was a young Attaché at the Embassy who, being a younger son, possessed a very small income. The Attaché, having been asked by an English Duchess to bring to London from Paris a dress her Grace had ordered, had it placed in the "Bag," together with the despatches and a jar of syrup from Siraudin, the famous *pâtissier*, intended for his parents. Upon arriving at the Foreign Office at Whitehall, it was discovered, to his dismay, that the syrup had spilt itself over the parcel destined for the Duchess, and further examination disclosed that the eighty-guinea frock had been irretrievably ruined! Being a man, however, of considerable decision and courage, he jumped into the next train for Paris, taking back with him the unfortunate costume, and, confiding the trouble to the dressmaker, had the frock reproduced exactly and at once, paid for it promptly himself, and returned with the new dress to London the following day. Even more daring was his subsequent conduct, for he frankly informed the Duchess of the accident and of what had been done to retrieve it. The result was eminently satisfactory, her Grace becoming his firm friend for life, and, forwarding his interests at Court and with Ministers, not only obtained quick promotion for the Attaché at the time, but, assisting him throughout his career, was in a fair way of obtaining an Embassy for her friend when he unfortunately died. Both the country and the British Diplomatic Service suffered a severe loss through the premature death of a man possessed of such exceptional decision, resource, and courage.

It is unnecessary to mention here which countries were involved in the following incident: sufficient is it for the present purpose that two of the First Class Powers were, some years ago, upon the verge of going to war—one of them having, indeed, issued an ultimatum to the other. The telegraph wires had been cleared throughout the world, so that there should be no delay in flashing the result to the four quarters of the globe, and every foreign Government was anxiously awaiting the publication of the reply. There was, however, a prolonged and unaccountable silence. Suddenly it was discovered, at the Foreign Office of the Great Power from which the answer was expected, that it had accidentally been despatched in the "Bag" addressed to Peking instead of being forwarded to the Government for which it was intended!

The career of "King's Messenger" was moderately pleasant even in the immediate past, but of late years there has been a great reduction in the number of members of this branch of the Service, which greatly adds, of course, to the strain upon the remainder. The pay is not large, and the life must be seriously wearying, it not being uncommon for a "King's Messenger" to travel over a million miles from the date of his first journey to the time of retirement. A small metal greyhound is the badge of the "King's Messenger."



A FASCINATING QUARTET: THE MAYFAIR SINGERS.

The Mayfair Singers, who scored an immediate success on their first appearance at the London Coliseum, and subsequently at the Palladium, the Alhambra, and elsewhere, contemplate a tour in the provinces. Their vocal quartets have been specially composed and arranged for them.—[Photograph by Hana.]



A PINERO ACT REVIVED: MISS FAY DAVIS AS FAY ZULIANI.

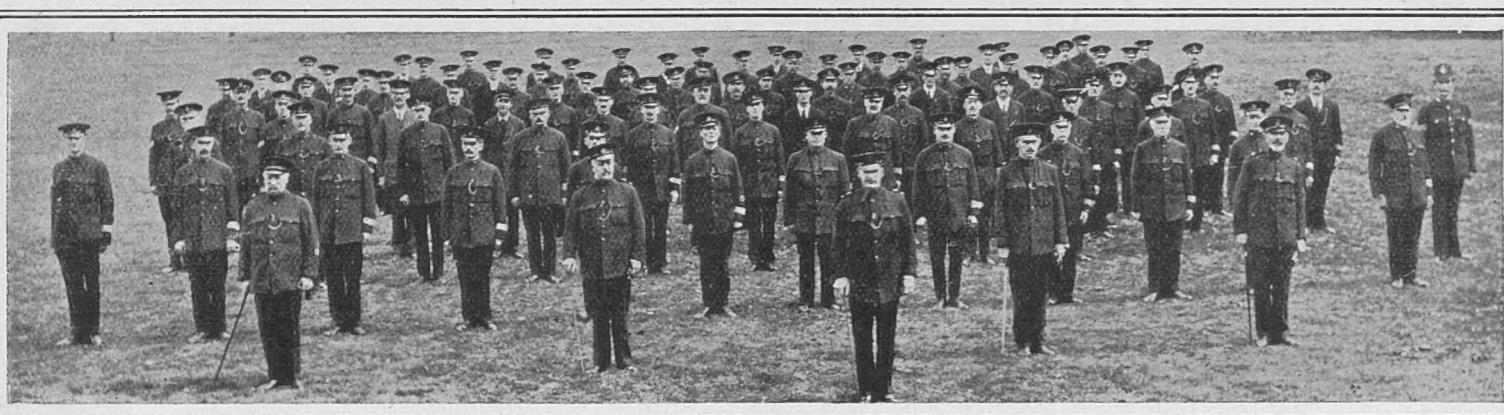
It calls for courage and art to rely upon a dramatic excerpt as an independent production, but complete success has been achieved by the revival, at the Victoria Palace, of an act of Sir Arthur Pinero's play, "The Princess and the Butterfly." Miss Fay Davis is the Fay Zuliani of the Harlequin episode, and is as charming as ever. She receives good support from Julian Royce and his company, and the "sketch," as it is now called, is romantic, fascinating, and in every way acceptable.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

## WITH THE SPECIALS :

XLIII. AND XLIV.—BROMLEY SECTION ("P" DIVISION); AND CATFORD.



BROMLEY SECTION, "P" DIVISION: A GROUP OF OFFICERS AND SERGEANTS.

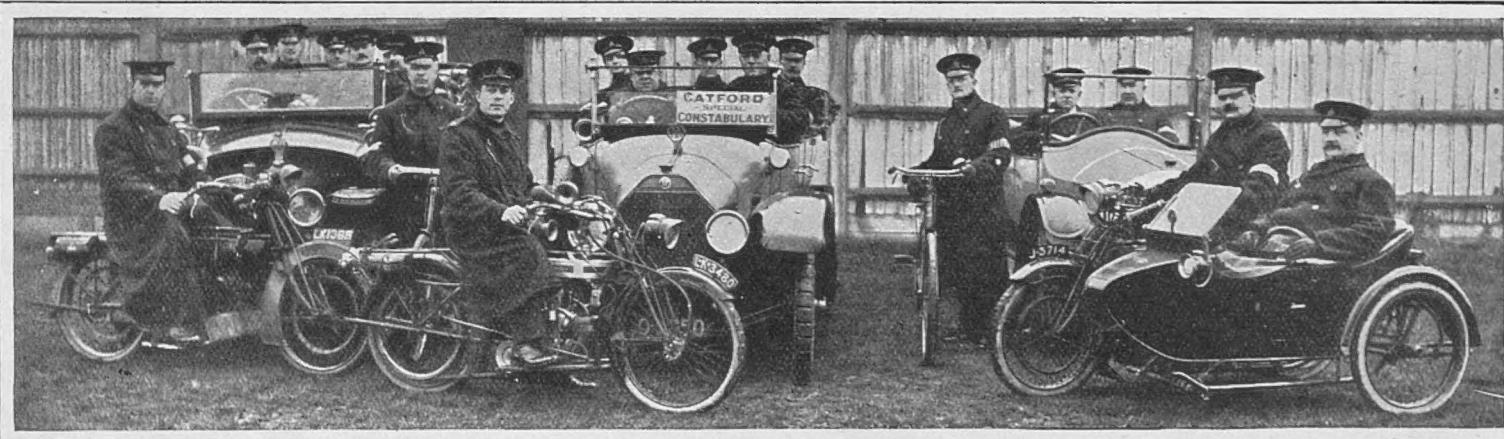


BROMLEY SECTION, "P" DIVISION: OFFICERS, SERGEANTS, AND CONSTABLES.

In the upper photograph are, standing in the Back Row (left to right): Sergeants E. Peacock, A. B. Clark, W. G. Weller, Drill-Instructor Sergt. J. Edwards (Met. Police), Sergeants G. Palmer, F. H. Wissler, A. H. Dence, A. F. Keith, E. C. De'Ath, G. Gumbrell. In

Front, seated, are: Sub-Inspector E. J. Harris, Sub-Inspector F. Essex Webb, Sub-Inspector R. W. James, Inspector J. J. Winchester, Sub-Divisional Inspector J. Brunning (Met. Police), Sub-Inspector L. Bristow, Sergeant W. H. Brooks.

Photographs by Campbell-Gray.



CATFORD SPECIAL CONSTABULARY: THE MOTOR AND CYCLIST SECTION.



CATFORD SPECIAL CONSTABULARY: OFFICERS, SERGEANTS, AND CONSTABLES.

Photographs by Campbell-Gray.

## “OUR DAY” IN THE WEST END: LEADERS



“TOOTSIE” FORSAKES SOCK-DARNING FOR FLAG-SELLING: MISS VIOLET LORAIN DECORATING A SCOTTISH SOLDIER.



PREPARING FOR “OUR DAY”: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MRS. WARREN FISHER, MRS. REGINALD MCKENNA, THE HON. MRS. COLWIN MONTAGU, AND LADY DIANA MANNERS.



“MUNITIONS” FOR THE RED CROSS: MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL (LEFT) AND PURCHASERS AT THE STALL OF MRS. MCKENNA (CENTRE).



THE EX-PREMIER AND HIS WIFE: MRS. ASQUITH (IN PLAID SKIRT), MRS. MCKENNA (RIGHT), AND MR. ASQUITH (BACK).

With fine weather, and a splendid lead in munificent contributions from the King and the rest of the Royal Family, the collection in London for the Red Cross on “Our Day” (last Thursday) was once more a triumphant success. The actual sum raised in the streets and public buildings has not been calculated at the time of writing, but apart from this amount, there was received in cash or promised donations over £670,000. Some 8000 ladies took part in the selling of flags and mascots, fruit, flowers, and other articles, and their operations began as early as 5 a.m. Many leaders of Society took part in the work. Among those who operated in St. James’s Street, for example, were Mrs. Reginald McKenna (whose customers included Mr. and Mrs. Asquith and Mrs. Winston Churchill), Lady Diana

Photographs by Sport and General, Farringdon Rd.

## AMONG LONDON'S 8000 FAIR COLLECTORS.



"KAMERAD!" MR. HARRY GRATTAN SURRENDERS TO MISS VIOLET GRAY (RIGHT) AND MISS LEE WHITE OUTSIDE THE VAUDEVILLE.



SELLING "SPY" CARTOONS IN ST. JAMES'S STREET: THE HON. MRS. CHARLES CRAVEN AND HER "PUSSY CATS."

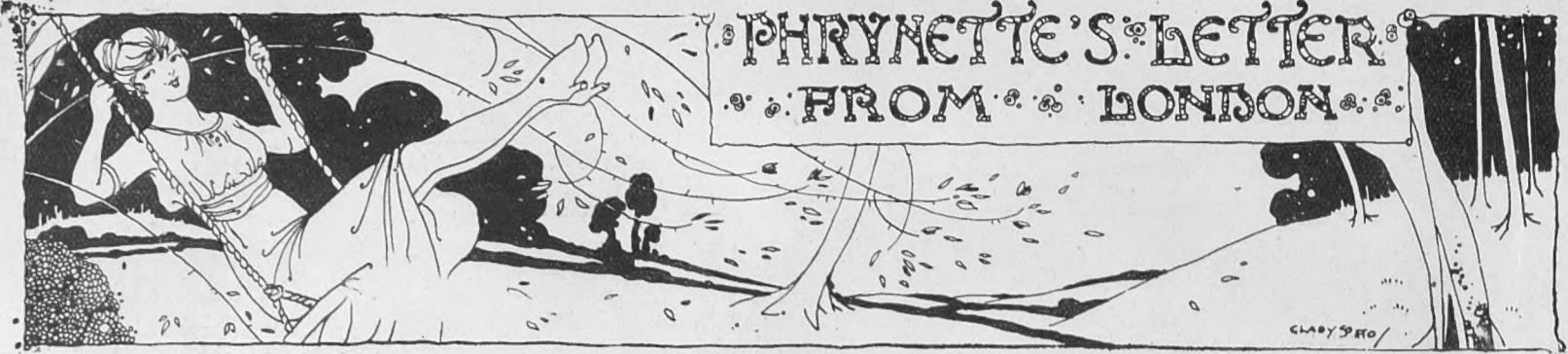


KISSES "CHEEP" AT HALF-A-CROWN: BETTY, OF THE VAUDEVILLE, SALUTING THE ROYAL NAVY.



A STRENUOUS OVERSEAS WORKER: LADY BIRDWOOD BEING DECORATED WITH A FLAG BY MISS BAXTER, ORGANISING SECRETARY.

Manners, and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Craven. The latter, assisted by girls in cat-masks, held an exhibition and sale of "Spy" cartoons, one of which—that of King Edward—fetched £100. Ladies from Overseas collected in districts of Central London allotted to the Dominions, the Australian front being the Strand: the Canadian, Whitehall; and the South African, part of Piccadilly. The theatrical world was well represented, as usual, by many popular actresses, including Miss Violet Loraine, of the Alhambra. Outside the Vaudeville leading members of the company now appearing in "Cheep" did a lively trade. Miss Lee White had collected £200 quite early in the day, and Miss Violet Gray captured the author of the revue, Mr. Harry Grattan, while little Betty sold kisses at half-a-crown apiece.



## TALL STORIES IN THE BASEMENT.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

THE other night, during an air raid—when, however calm you are, you cannot darn stockings, knit socks, write letters, cook accounts, poach eggs, or play cards (by the way, a foursome of actors and playwrights, who were "not frightened at all," found two people dealing at the same moment)—well, the other night a few merry souls held a new sort of "Decameron," and tried to tell anecdotes and tall stories against each other. This is a really true air-raid tale. "One of the prettiest girls on the London stage" absents herself "on principle" from her theatre about three times in a fortnight—in fact, I tell her she never goes to her work until she has rung up the Air Board, the Admiralty, and the War Office, and made sure that neither Archie, Jack, nor Tom is likely to arrive on leave. On a certain afternoon of a tempestuous week, instead of attending her matinée, she lunched with

Jack and filled up the afternoon bidding him good-bye.



"A cat in the manger."

After his departure, as life was a blank, she (as we say in French) "rendered herself" at her theatre, only to find it closed! Her indignation was comic and intense; but more priceless is the fact that it was she, the first defaulter, who organised an appeal to the management for salary for the missed evening's work

—and, best of all, she got it!

My story was true, though no one did believe it—listen, rather. I was in a tea-shop the other afternoon, and a waitress put before me a sugar-basin full of white lumps, then—she walked away. Fact!

"That is nothing," said Cynicuss. "I was crossing Oxford Circus with a gal the other night after the theatre; it was raining, and a taxicab man stopped and said, 'Taxi, Sir?'"

"That's nothing," said the Somebody-else-who-matters. "A chap at my club, who had lunched *winely* as well as too much, was sprawling in an arm-chair while thoughts of a 'mixed' nature were trying to keep him awake. Suddenly he pointed to a far window, upon which the last flies of the summer were holding a moribund meeting, and he said in an alarmed voice, 'Look over there! They are coming—they are coming! I can see aeroplanes in the distance!'"

"That's nothing," said the little actress who was wearing a rope of pearls like breakfast eggs. "A girl I know, on her twenty-first birthday last week, found on her dressing-table at the theatre a case with the most wonderful pearls you ever saw and a card. On the card was written 'A present for a good girl.'"

"Well?" we queried.

"Well, it was *true*."

We all believed her, of course!

"That's nothing," said the Sub. "There was a young officer reported to his C.O. for having returned late—and some sheets in the wind—the night before. He denied the accusation, and produced his orderly as evidence.

"THE C.O. Did he speak to you on his return?

"THE ORDERLY. Yes, Sir.

"THE C.O. What did he say?

"THE ORDERLY. Asked me to call him early."

"THE C.O. Did he give any reason?

"THE ORDERLY. Yes, Sir—said he was to be Queen of the May, Sir . . . (Tableau.)"

I loved the tale about a poor East End mother. With what I consider splendid philosophy, she distributed her litter, one in each of seven or eight houses down the street.

I do call this sensible. One should not put all one's eggs in the same basket, all one's *sous* in the same bank, all one's treasures in the same ship.

Why is an air raid like a sea-serpent? Because, though one lives in the sea and the other in the air, they can both fill the newspapers.

Two journalists met at a corner—tea-shop (!).

Said one, "Like my beastly luck! I've just heard the most priceless air-raid story; but, of course, it is no longer topical now."

"Cheer-o, old man," soothed the other.

"They are sure to come again soon."

"Tis an ill wind . . . !

All this, poor readers, because a correspondent of mine has sent me the following note—

"DEAR PHRY-

NETTE,—I liked your tales of the air raids. Are you

by any chance a member of the Stock Exchange in private life? And, if not, where do you pick them up?

"Here is another which has the advantage of being true—yours are merely *ben trovato*." (And *vero* too, dear Sir!) "A worthy burgess who inhabits a large house in one of the more adjacent suburbs, after carefully shepherding his family to the basement as soon as the firing began, missed his small son, *aetate* ten. Search was made, but for some time without effect. Ultimately, in response to repeated cries of 'Where are you?' a small voice announced 'I'm up on the roof, of course, with my telescope, looking for Germans.' And he was seriously annoyed at being fetched down!"

"Youth will be served. We don't do those things when we get older, do we?"

Well, I don't know. What is the age-limit for "roofing it," or what is vulgarly called "crawling on the tiles"?

I have also received a neat little poem. It is not, alas!



"The sea serpent."

dedicated to me; but, as I am not a cat in the manger, here goes—

(Have you seen Phyllis Monkman's dance in "Bubbly"?)

#### THE LEADING LADY OF CHARLOT

(In "The Coward," one of the character's notices extends to such a detail as the light reflected on a girl's stocking.)

Oh, Phyllis, I've gazed on your high kick,  
And my senses with ecstasy ring,  
And my temperament's getting quite psychic,  
Which means that I'm going to sing.  
Some rejoice in the gleam of the sunlight  
As it twinkles and leaps on the main,  
Or the spark of the glow-worm—the one light  
That shines in the dark country lane.  
Some delight in the moon's mystic glimmer,  
And some in the wine's sparkling flow,  
And some in the pearl's subtle shimmer,  
And some in the fire's bronzen glow;  
But these sights at a discount are quoted  
By whoever has happened to glance  
At the gleam of the footlights, as noted,  
On your stockings of silk while you dance.

DANIEL CASTELLO

Went to see "The Off Chance" the other day. My word, it did make me long to be back in those delightful pre-war days when everyone who could afford it was an avowed hedonist.

Miss Catherine Carew, as the lady "whose trade is temptation," wore a marvellously temperamental evening dress of orange satin "poised" on diamond braces! When equipped for her flight to Vienna, she appeared in a reddish-brown cloth sleeveless coat, with long black kid gloves reaching above her elbows.

Miss Mary Glynne's evening dress of pale-pink, with shoes and stockings to match, suggests cream, roses, kisses—in fact, sugar and spice and all that's nice.

Miss Compton's gown of moonlight paillettes clouded with net must have hung heavily on her shoulders; that detracted not a whit from her charming blandness. I have never missed seeing her since I escaped to a performance of "Imprudence," and can still recall the wonderful fawn Newmarket coat

she wore in that. She is able to please, whatever Dame Fashion decrees.

Just one more gown—worn by a lovely red-haired "guest"—suggesting a crocus-bed, of pale-mauve, with pale-yellow floating mantle attached to the wrists of the wearer.

The engagement of Major N. A. Stebbing, D.S.O., R.F.A., to Miss Gladys de Havilland will interest a great many readers. Major Stebbing, who has seen service in South Africa and India, is very busy with his battery somewhere in France, and has been for a good long time, I imagine, for he was given his D.S.O. many months ago. He is the youngest son of Mr. W. Stebbing, of Frith Park, Walton Heath (yes, he is something of golf in peace time), who during the latter days of Delane's editorship, when that genial soul was too ill to work much, was the guiding hand on the *Times*.

Miss de Havilland, whose father is chaplain to Lord Carnarvon, is known as a brilliant motorist, and her motor articles and reminiscences of the road have appeared in many leading periodicals.



"What is the age-limit for roofing it—or what is vulgarly called 'walking on the tiles'?"

Probably he has had more exciting experiences and less accidents than most people—twice he has taken a car "on her lone" from Land's End to John o' Groats, and the second time the car did everything except actually break in half.

She is of a family that came with the Normans, and sister of two famous aviators, Captain Geoffrey de Havilland and Major Hereward de Havilland (at present in Mesopotamia—he has been awarded a bar to his D.S.O. just recently, and is, I believe, a great source of admiration to the Baghdad ladies, who, closely veiled, assemble near the aerodrome and gaze with awe upon his evolutions in the air.)

Peggy writes me from Paris: "The Parisian *beau monde* are assembled once again in the capital. Despite the limitations of *la guerre*, such as no taxis and the prohibitive price of clothes, they manage to be up and doing and active for charity's sake. The much-talked-of *fête* at Versailles organised for these *œuvres* by

Mmes. la Comtesse de Ganay, la Comtesse de Polignac, and Mme. Dupuy, took place last week in the Salon d'Hercule of the beautiful Palace of Versailles,

which was simply thronged with a fashionable audience. The programme included some delightful songs by Mme. Max, accom-

panied by Princesse de Fauigny Lucinge at the piano. Comte Persaing also sang; and M. Brindejou de Birmingham, the well-known *acteur de salon*, played a charming piece by Normand and Rivotlet called "L'Occasion."



"A public-house . . . I don't often alight at one myself."

Have you noticed that a "bus terminus" is so very often a public-house? And frequently one with a queer name. I don't often alight at one myself—

perhaps the Royal Oak, Westbourne Grove, and the Crown, Cricklewood, are the two I actually know best (outside, I mean). Sometimes I seriously contemplate sitting in a motor-bus till it does reach its *ultima thule*—just out of unquenched curiosity, not thirst! What possibilities, for instance, lurk behind The Monster, Pimlico. I notice many little old eating-houses in the densest part of London named after trees. How many people know the Lemon Tree—it takes a foreigner to know

London—in Bedfordbury? It is in a cross street, a stone's-throw from the Strand, and has no vestige now of any tree; yet, perhaps, once there was a garden there. Other inns have names twisted into something entirely different from their original meaning, a learned friend tells me. The Elephant and Castle is in reality the Infanta of Castile; and the Goat and Compasses should be God Encompasseth Us; and how many of us know that the Swan with Two Necks is not that at all, but two nicks—I am being educated!

## SMALL TALK



MR. JUSTICE LUSH, before whom the Prime Minister gave evidence as to why he left London on an air-raid night, is one of the most human as well as one of the best of our Judges. Love of a briar pipe and the possession of six children are to him quite compatible with deep learning in the law. I remember a Bar dinner at which Mr. Justice Lush and that incendiary humourist, Mr. Justice Darling, were toasted together. It was on another occasion that the late Baron Brampton, rising to acknowledge a toast, was greeted with the strains of the then popular song, "What d'ye think of 'Awkins for yer other name?'" Unlike so many legal witnesses, Mr. Lloyd George gave his evidence in almost perfect form, except that he occasionally extended his answers unnecessarily. A reluctant witness and a too voluble witness are equally anathema to the lawyer, and yet, when a barrister or a solicitor happens to get into the witness-box, he is pretty certain to sin in one way or the other—or, perhaps, in both.

*Exit Mr. Birrell.* So the House of Commons will know Mr. Birrell no more after the dissolution—whenever that comes. He has no longer the "reserves of strength" to encounter one of those "exhilarating occasions," a contested election. Mr. Birrell was not a political success as a Minister, but the faithful Commons always had a warm place for him in its heart. It understood that he meant well, even when he made jokes. Mr. Birrell was, however, the torment of the Reporters' Gallery. He spoke sometimes at the rate of two hundred words a minute—a speed which the fastest shorthand writers found trying. And there were not, as in the case of Mr. Chaplin and a good many others, long and familiar forms which could be jotted down in a specially invented "grammalogue"—"the length and breadth of this great Empire," and so forth. For Mr. Birrell was always the literary man, and seldom dealt in pure banalities. It is curious that of all politicians he most disliked the interview. It was less easy to "draw" him than a Prime Minister. I remember an enterprising young journalist who got a very warm reception on calling on Mr. Birrell to ask him how it felt to address a political breakfast party. The humour of the thing was quite lost on the genial author of "Obiter Dicta."



MARRIED ON OCT. 18: MISS EVA ALBANESE (MRS. MARSHALL CURTIS-BROWN).

Miss Albanesi, the elder daughter of Le Chevalier Carlo and Mme. Albanesi, was married on Thursday last to Captain Marshall L. Curtis-Brown, late Motor Machine-Gun Service, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis-Brown. Miss Albanesi has been engaged on war work since the commencement of hostilities.—[Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]

represent a record, yet his name suggests the past more than that of, perhaps, any other Member. A sense of the dramatic fitness of things might have suggested an earlier retirement, for "Jesse" without "Joe" is rather like Fidus Achates without Æneas. No cartoon of the masterful Chamberlain was really complete without the spectacled face of Mr. Collings beaming approbation and loyalty in the background. I am reminded of the old canvassing story concerning a strait-laced elector who approved of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, but was inclined to suspect his moral fitness for leadership, on the ground that he was always travelling about with a "woman" named Jesse whose surname was not Chamberlain!

*A Short-Haired Duchess.*

The Duchess of Sutherland has startled Society by cutting her hair short. The style becomes her immensely, but seems very unducal—or its feminine equivalent. Whether her Grace is the first short-haired Duchess I do not know. She is certainly the first short-haired Mistress of the Robes.

*Of the Old School.* Lord Warwick's book contains an infinity of good things, but the best I have noticed is that tale of Disraeli, who, when the late Lord Rosslyn asked him for the job of Master of the Buckhounds, told him frankly the thing could not be done; adding: "I could not be responsible to the Crown for your language upon the pack. But don't be disappointed—you shall be Commissioner to the Church of Scotland instead." And, though the thing was said jestingly, the appointment was made in serious earnest. I know no better example of that Disraelian impishness, concerning another example

of which Gladstone once said to a gossipy friend, "You seem to think it amusing; to me it is simply devilish." I hope, by the way, that Lord Warwick is not a true prophet in declaring that "the old-established order of things has been growing old with me, and the war has dug its grave." We don't want so very "new" an England that there will be no room for the pleasanter features of the old world when it "went very well."

*For War Nurses.*

I am glad to note that something is to be done for the nurses after the war. Sir Arthur Stanley, Chairman of the Red Cross, aims at creating local centres all over the British world in connection with the College of Nursing, so that lonely women will never feel themselves stranded. The debt the nation owes to these self-sacrificing women is simply immense, and their work invaluable.



MARRIED AT A ROYAL CHAPEL: MISS PLASANCE BRUCE AND MR. GEORGE H. MOORE-BROWN.

Queen Alexandra gave special permission for the marriage of Miss Plasance Bruce, adopted daughter of Lord Charles Brudenell-Bruce, to Mr. George H. Moore-Brown, to be celebrated in the Royal Chapel of St. Katherine, Regent's Park. The wedding was on Oct. 16.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



MARRIED AT ST. GEORGE'S: LIEUT.-COL. PIGOT-MOODIE AND THE HON. ALEXANDRA ASTLEY.

Our photograph shows Lieutenant-Colonel Pigot-Moodie, M.C., with his bride, formerly the Hon. Alexandra Astley. Many well-known people in Society were present at the church. The Hon. Mrs. Pigot-Moodie is sister of Lord Hastings, and a god-daughter of Queen Alexandra.

Photograph by Langfier.

## WIFE OF A BARON IN THE NAVY: A CHARMING PEERESS.



*With a Husband in the Navy and a Father in the Army:*  
*Lady Vernon, Wife of the 9th Baron.*

Lady Vernon was known before her marriage as Miss Violet Miriam Nightingale Clay. She is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Herbert Clay, of the Indian Army, and, through her mother, a grand-daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Nightingale, Bt., and first cousin of the present Baronet, Sir Edward Nightingale.

Her marriage to Lord Vernon, the ninth Baron, took place in 1915, the year in which he succeeded to the peerage. He is in the Navy, and attained the rank of Lieutenant in 1911. His brother, the late Baron, died while on active service in the war as a Captain in the Derbyshire Yeomanry.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



WHEN is a King not a King? A newspaper which speaks of "the ex-Tsar"—so polite are we all to Petrograd—reports the visit to Wales of "the King and Queen of Portugal." The Court Newsman is a little more discreet with his "King Manoel and Queen Augusta Victoria." That, by the way, is a very shorn version of the lady's names. In their whole Hohenzollern length they run: Augusta Victoria Wilhelmina Antoinette Mechtild Ludovique Josephine Mary Elizabeth. Mark Twain once listened to such a list, and then begged beseechingly for "the other name." And a great English author used to say that every girl should be given half-a-dozen names at the font, so that her future husband might choose among them. But here is a couple thus pampered without any such distinction of sex, for the Queen's husband is Manoel Mary Philip Charles Amelio Louis Michael Raphael Gabriel Gonzaga Xavier Francis-of-Assisi Eugene. What a jolly lot of names they can call each other!

*A Faggot Above a Load.*

Mrs. Raymond Asquith, the Katharine Horner of old days, had a particular attachment to Mells, the home of her girlhood; and its destruction by fire comes indeed as a faggot over a load of losses. Her sister Cicely married the Hon. George Lambton, a younger brother of Lord Durham. Their mother, Lady Horner, was the daughter of William Graham, who may be forgotten as a Member for Glasgow, but will long be remembered as a buyer of Rossetti. He was often at the studio in Cheyne Walk, and Rossetti, before he became a recluse, often found his way to the house of his patron in Grosvenor Place. Another of his daughters became Lady Jekyll, the mother of Mrs. McKenna and of the now widowed Mrs. McLaren. Mells, by these marriages, became a great meeting-place for Asquithians. The daughters and nieces of the house are loud in their lamentations.

*The Missed Member.*

A great-granddaughter of Gladstone's, his first, was brought into the world the other day by Mrs. Parish, formerly the delightful Miss Dorothy Drew. Disraeli never gave a public sigh over his own lack of descendants. He was imperturbable always, "the mask," is Arthur Balfour's favourite appellation for him. Disraeli as a clubman is always and only associated with the Carlton; but one of the newly published letters of Lord Acton to Gladstone speaks of him

a grinning one, to the lampoonist. Large as was her place of departure, the interest centres on little Mount Stewart, for she went there to receive as her guest Lady Wimborne.



HELPING AT THE LEAGUE OF MERCY BAZAAR: MRS. GUY RADFORD.

Mrs. Radford is the wife of Mr. W. Guy W. Radford, President of the North Camberwell Branch of the League, and is sharing a stall with Lady Llangattock at the League of Mercy Bazaar.

*Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.*



A BRAVE WAR-WORKER: THE HON. MRS. ALLAN MACKENZIE.

Widowed by the war, her husband having died from wounds last year, the Hon. Mrs. Allan Mackenzie courageously arranges small dances to cheer the soldiers, and other war-workers. Mrs. Allan Mackenzie was the Hon. Louvina Knollys, daughter of Viscount Knollys, and niece of the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, a Bedchamber-Woman to Queen Alexandra.

*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*



WIFE OF A NEW MINISTER AT WASHINGTON: MRS. J. D. HAZEN.

Mrs. Hazen is the wife of Mr. J. D. Hazen, who for six years was Minister of Marine in Canada, but has now retired, and has been appointed Canadian Permanent Commissioner at Washington where he will be associated with the British Embassy—[Photo. by La aye te.]

as a possible candidate for the Athenaeum—the only club, Henry Kingsley used oracularly to say, a wife should like her husband to belong to. Henry Reeve, the Whig editor of the *Edinburgh*, wished to be his proposer. Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke, told Acton he would stay away from the club altogether if Disraeli were elected, and the matter was allowed to slide. But one does not hear that Mary Anne—Disraeli always spoke of his wife by her sober names—was made anxious about his continuance at the Carlton.

*Wall Street and Westminster.* Some people have always thought it a little unfair that Lord Fairfax of

Cameron should possess nearly the prettiest name in the Peerage, and yet be virtually an American. But now in the House of Lords, by the votes of his fellows as a Scottish Representative Peer, he will take his place in English life without being forgotten as Vice-President of William P. Bonbright and Co., of Wall Street. The coincidence is rather a lucky one at the time of the great alliance. Lord Fairfax's ancestor, the sixth Baron, who died at the end of the eighteenth century, possessed nearly six million acres in Virginia and in Maryland, and there the present Peer's brother and two of his sisters have their hereditary home. Another sister, the Hon. Mary Cecilia Fairfax, lives in East Fortieth Street, New York. They are descendants of General Fairfax, the hero of Naseby; but the family later became Royalists, and left Yorkshire for the States in 1747.

*Conventions.* "Victor Hugo, The Ocean," the address a romantic schoolboy once used, found the poet in his exile in Guernsey. Something of the same largeness of area is suggested by the announcement that "the Marchioness of Londonderry has left the North of England for Mount Stewart, Newtownards." Mr. Chesterton once drew



AN "ANGEL" IN THE "PALACE" TABLEAUX:

LADY PHYLLIS WINDSOR-CLIVE.

Lady Phyllis Windsor-Clive is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Plymouth, and is appearing in the Tableaux arranged for Nov. 6, in aid of the British Women's Hospital.

*Photograph by Hugh Cecil.*

## PAVILIONED FOR "A KISS OR TWO": TAKING COVER.



A CON "TENTED" ENDING TO A ROMANTIC FARCE IN A HOME OF VARIETY: MISS BARBARA HOFFE AS MARY, AND MR. H. V. ESMOND AS CAPTAIN PATRICK DELANEY, IN "A KISS OR TWO," AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

All the music-halls are becoming "legitimate" nowadays. Like the Oxford and the Palace, the London Pavilion has made a change from the usual variety programme, and opened recently with a romantic farce by Mr. H. V. Esmond, called "A Kiss or Two." Mr. Esmond himself plays his own hero, a dashing Irish officer, who makes a bet (in the

cause of charity) that he will secure "a genuine kiss, with a taste to it," from the next three women he meets. One of them is Mary, the new barmaid at his golf club, and really an aristocrat in disguise. In her case the kiss is given, and taken, seriously, and there is a happy ending under a tent-umbrella.—[Photograph by Wrather and Buys.]



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**“Vocalion”**  
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(CATERPILLAR) WHEELS WITHIN (LEFT) WHEELS.



MR. WOOLLY BEAR (to Mr. *Polyommatus Adonis*, after the raid): C—congratulations, old man. All c—clear!

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDY.



## THE PRODIGAL FATHER.

By WILLIAM CAINE.

THE desirable residential neighbourhood of Upwater lay basking in the heat and peace of a fine Sunday afternoon in August. The trim red-and-white villas, each in its patch of green garden, straggled over the sides of the valley with the effect of some vast, rather crudely coloured blossom that had sprung overnight from the stem of the Metroland Loop Line.

A train came panting through the heat, stopped at the station, and passed on, leaving one passenger—an elderly man—upon the platform.

He was a person little calculated to inspire confidence. His face was pasty-white and heavily lined. His long, sharp nose and grey moustache drooped over a large, cruel mouth. His eyes were small, furtive, and fiery. He wore a very good suit of brown tweeds, gloves of grey suede, and a black wideawake hat; but these decent things seemed to sit unhappily upon that bent body, those shambling legs, those stiffly curved, clawlike hands, and that head that moved so suspiciously from side to side upon that long vulture's neck.

"Marchumley Road," he barked out to the youth who took his ticket from him.

"Straight up the hill. Fourth road, left and right," said the other briskly. "Any particular house?"

"It's called Ash Grove."

"Ah!" said the ticket-collector, with the smile of one who is about to display intelligence. "Then you'll turn to the left. Ash Grove? That's Mr. Carter's, that is. Not Mr. James Carter. He's up on the other side of the valley—Kapelly, Jordan Avenue. Over yonder. It's Mr. Robert Carter lives at Ash Grove—"

"Blast you!" said the elderly man, with a sudden concentrated and appalling savagery. "Do you think I'm looking for a house without knowing who lives in it, you jabbering clown?"

He passed out of the shade of the booking-office into the hot sunshine, and moved slowly across the station-yard. For a moment or two the ticket-collector remained paralysed, his arm still raised and pointing in the direction of Mr. James Carter's home. Then he came to himself, and addressed the departing figure. "Ho!" he said. "Very civil, I'm sure—ain't we?" He put out his tongue and screwed up his face contemptuously. Then, honour satisfied, he disappeared into the booking-office.

"I wonder," he murmured, "what the likes of him wants with the likes of Carter? Not exactly Carter's sort, I should think." He had a regard for the owner of Ash Grove as a very pleasant-spoken gentleman, a first-class season, and a philanthropist who could be trusted confidently to produce his half-crown at Christmas.

"Funny thing," he said to the porter, and told him all about it.

Meanwhile, the offensive person in the brown tweeds had crossed the station-yard and set his face to the rather steep bit of road over which his path lay. The street was almost empty of life, for at this hour adult Upwater still digested its one o'clock beef, and juvenile Upwater sat in Sunday School. The closed shops of the commercial nucleus soon gave way to the villas of season-ticket holders. The arc-light standards were replaced by lamp-posts. Plane-trees grew out of the asphalt and cast upon it their agreeable shade.

At last Marchumley Road appeared. He turned along it to the left, and now he began to mutter to himself.

"Yes," he said, and his voice seemed incurably angry; "he's well known and highly respected by everyone in this smug little lath-and-plaster hole—that's evident. Mr. Carter, of Ash Grove. Mr. Robert Carter, of Ash Grove, Marchumley Road, Upwater, Bucks, Secretary to the London Branch of the Bancroft-Billington Sewing-Machine Company of Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A., and in receipt of a salary of fifteen hundred pounds per annum. Oh, yes; a man with all that after his name will be thought a lot of in Upwater, Bucks. Well, that's all right. The more his neighbours think of him, the easier it'll be for someone I could put my finger on without much trouble to work the little lay that he has in mind. He grinned horribly, showing scattered yellow fangs under his moustache. His little, burning eyes never ceased their darting movements from left to right.

"Ah!" He halted, and stood contemplating the gate which told him that his journey was at an end.

"Yes," he said; "Ash Grove. That's it. And a very charming, well-found little crib it is, too. Front porch, dining-room one side, drawing-room other side, two large bed-rooms over, and servants' quarters above in the gables. Carriage-drive. Well-kept lawns. Croquet-hoops all ready for a game. Kitchen-garden. Summer-house. Conservatory. Hammock under the chestnut. And, in the same, what I take to be the owner of all this magnificence himself. Well, here goes. I want a drink, that's what I want—and shall I tell you who's going to give it me? Why, that gentleman in the hammock, unless I'm very sadly mistaken."

Without further ado, he pushed open the gate and went quickly across the lawn to the hammock, and stood looking down at the man who occupied it. He lay on his back, with his hands clasped under his head, his legs dangling down on each side, and a Panama hat tipped over his eyes. He was asleep, and lightly snoring.

The hat was twitched suddenly from his face and thrown to the ground. A husky voice said in his ear, "Wake up, Bobby, my boy; here's father come back to you."

Robert Carter stretched his arms out, opened his mouth in a great yawn, blinked his eyes apart, and sat up. "Wha's that?" he demanded vaguely. "Wha's that? Who's come back? Wha—oh, my God!" He was no longer sleepy. "You!" he cried harshly.

His father showed his fangs. "Myself," he said. "and none other. Aren't you pleased, Bobby? Say you're pleased to have your poor old father back again—with you; after all these long seventeen years of separation."

"I thought you were dead," said his son, regarding him coldly. His astonishment had passed away instantly. Young men of thirty-two, or thereabouts, who earn and deserve annual salaries of £1500 are not quite like other people.

"So did a lot of folks," replied Mr. Carter senior, with a grin. "A theatre fire's pretty hard luck on those that get burned up, but it's about the best thing that can happen to a man that has his own reasons for wanting to disappear. And I had mine, as you know. Your mother was one of them. She was too good a woman for a man like me to live with. I stuck it over twenty years, and then—well, that fire gave me my chance, and I took it. And I owed two thousand over the Cesarewitch, and there wasn't a deg's chance of my being able to settle. I thought a new start in America was about the ticket for me. It came to me all of a sudden, as I was going home to tell you and your mother about that fire that I'd just fought my way out of. It flashed across my mind that I'd told her I was going to see the new ballet there. And I had a hundred and fifty pounds in my pocket—it was a bet I'd collected in the promenade ten minutes before the fire started. It seemed to me like a sort of answer to prayer, Bobby. Next week I was in America, Bobby. Next year I was in jail, Bobby, and I've been there ever since. I've had enough of this U.S.A., Bobby. And that is my story, Bobby."

Robert's face had showed no astonishment at the conclusion of this candid statement. "No," he said; "it's not all. How did you find me out so quickly?"

"Well," said the father, "that was just our good luck, Bobby. I saw your picture in a little book I found on a bench in Central Park. It was a bit of your sewing-machine company's publicity stuff—all about the company and its machines, and its model factories in America and England, and the Men Who Have Made It and the Men Who Are Running It. You were among the last, Bobby. Mr. Robert Carter, Secretary of our London Branch. You were put rather small, because they had to find room for the Secretaries of the Paris Branch and the Melbourne Branch and the Bombay Branch in the same line with yourself. But there was no mistaking you. The rest was simple."

"Yes," said Bobby reflectively, "it would be. Only one thing is not quite clear—how did you get across the Atlantic?"

"I might have gone to jail," said Mr. Carter, "in the company of two other men, if I had pleased. Well, I didn't please. I went in alone. They stayed outside. When I emerged, one of them was still alive. He was grateful to me."

*[Continued overleaf.]*

## CAPPING IT.



THE OBSERVANT ONE (*to brother-officer sitting at the officers' club*) : Do you know?—you've lost your cap badge.  
THE GLOOMY ONE (*of the Motor Transport*) : I'm not surprised. I've just lost a couple of caterpillars, a six-inch  
Mk seven, nine motor-lorries, and a four-wheel drive.

"I see," said Robert. "And now you have come to blackmail me also."

"Oh, my dear boy," cried Mr. Carter gaily, "what a shocking thing to say!"

"Not at all," said Robert. "Your conduct is perfectly natural. I am comfortably off, respectable, popular in this neighbourhood, a churchwarden—I present you with that—secretary of an important business concern, married to a charming girl whose family doesn't think me quite good enough for her, and father of two delightful children who have innumerable little friends hereabouts. You are an ex-convict, and you have no money. Your course is obvious. You come here, you present yourself to me, I give you a hundred pounds on condition that you never show your face here again or breathe a word to a living soul concerning our relationship. You take your dying oath to do this, and you go away. Six weeks, six days, later you return for your second hundred. And so it will go on until you have cleaned me out. Then you will go back to America to see if your grateful friend over there is still alive and still grateful."

"Well," said Mr. Carter, "if anyone had told me that my only son would greet me on my return from the Tombs with such words as those I'd never have believed it. 'What!' I'd have said. 'My son Bobby treat his poor old prodigal father so? Never! You don't know my boy,' I'd have said. 'No,' I'd have said; 'what my boy will do is to go right out and take and kill the fatted calf for me, and put a robe on my back and a ring on my finger, and sit me down at his right hand, and call all his friends around him to feast and make merry because his father who was dead is alive again, and his poor old parent who was lost is found. That's what he'll do,' I'd have said. But, of course, Bobby, if I was wrong, if you *really* prefer to give me a hundred pounds, I'm not in a position to complain. It's not for me to dictate to you how you're to treat me. I did very wrong to leave you and your mother to fend for yourselves that way. I don't deny it. And—"

"That's all right," said Robert easily. "But if you want me to do anything at all for you, I must ask you not to mention my mother again, please. She's dead and gone—where you'll never trouble her any more. No"—he held up his hand—"not a word about her. Not one more. That is my condition."

"Very good, Pobby," said Mr. Carter, with affected humility. "Just as you will. And now, if you'll give me that cheque, I'll be moving along. I won't pretend, after what you've said to me, that I think you're glad to have me here, and I never stay where I'm not welcome—unless I'm compelled to. But just now, I remember, I was promising myself a drink at your expense. And so, before I go, I'll take a whisky-and-soda, thank you, Bobby." He sat down in a canvas chair and lit a cheap cigarette.

"Right!" said Robert. "I'll get it."

He left Mr. Carter smoking contentedly and went into the house. It was about ten minutes before he returned with a syphon, glasses, and a decanter. These he set out on a little table, and then he begged his father to help himself. This Mr. Carter senior did, plentifully enough.

"It is understood then," said Robert, "that if I give you this money you will go away and keep away as long as possible. You notice that I don't ask anything extravagant of you. I expect you to come back, or to threaten to do so. All I ask is, show a little conscience over this business. Don't go and blew the lot in a couple of evenings. At that rate, you'll only kill the goose that lays your golden eggs. Whereas, if you're moderate in your demands, you will be able to do yourself very comfortably, and yet leave me and my family enough to keep going on. Don't you think that's reasonable?"

"Quite reasonable," said Mr. Carter; "quite reasonable. And I like your whisky well, Bobby. Another of the same, an it please you. And now tell me about yourself for a minute or two. I left you rather in the soup, a boy of fifteen—you see, I respect your wish in not referring to anyone else that I may have left—and yet I find you in this very nice house and secretary to a very nice company. How have you managed it at your age, for you can't be thirty-five yet?"

"I'll tell you," said Robert, and he began to give some particulars of his career which are of no importance to this story. Mr. Carter leaned back in his chair and sipped his whisky and smoked his vile little cigarettes, and watched his son with his alert, fiery little eyes. He was vastly well content.

"But," said Robert at last suddenly, "here are some friends of mine that I want you to know." He rose out of the hammock, in which he had been sitting since he brought out his tray.

Mr. Carter, looking apprehensively behind him, perceived a little group of people coming towards them over the croquet-lawn. Conspicuous among them was a tall, plump, benevolent-looking clergyman. There may have been a dozen in all, both men and women.

"You did me an injustice, my dear father," said Robert, "when you took so seriously some words which I said lately. They were only spoken in jest. Of course, I never intended you to believe that I imagined that you were going to drain me dry in the way I suggested. On the contrary, it was you who were right when you supposed that I would kill the fatted calf for you. For that is what I am going to do now. At least, we are out of veal for the moment, and for it we must substitute tea and muffins; but the symbol, not

its materials, is what is really important. And here are my friends, whom I have just called together, by telephone, to make merry with us because you, who were dead, are alive again, and you, who were lost, are found.

"Permit me, ladies and gentlemen," he went on, turning to the new arrivals, who were now close by, "permit me to introduce to you my father, Horton Carter, formerly man-about-town, gambler, racegoer, and general blackguard, who broke my mother's heart, and left her ill and destitute of all help save what I, a boy of fifteen, could give her; who fled to America and has there spent seventeen years in jail, for what offence I cannot tell you, nor is it of the slightest consequence. He has just worked out his sentence, and has now come here to live upon me, believing that I will rather let him squeeze me like an orange than allow my world to know what a very unsavoury skeleton I keep in my family cupboard. But there he is mistaken, as you see, and he sees.

"And now, father, this is the Vicar of this parish, Mr. Jackson. This is my fellow-churchwarden, General Wedderburn. This is Mrs. Wedderburn; and this her brother, Mr. Peabody—also, I may say, my solicitor. This is Mrs. Peabody, Mr. Peabody's mother. These are Admiral Harris and Mrs. Harris and their son, Mr. Reginald Harris—of the Home Office, my dear father.

"I have never yet, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "mentioned my father to you, because I believed him to be dead. It now appears that he took advantage of a theatre fire to disappear, because thus he saw a way of getting rid of all his responsibilities, among them some heavy racing debts. He preferred, you see, the appearance of death to the calamity of dishonour. Incidentally, he left my mother and me destitute; but upon that I need not dwell. Our difficulties, as you see, were ultimately surmounted, though they killed her thirty years too early.

"And so, Vicar, here is my prodigal father come back to me, and I have lost no time in bidding you and my other good friends in Upwater to gather round and assist us to celebrate so happy an event. For such conduct you, Vicar, will admit, I think, that I have the best authority. And now nothing remains but for us all to go and join my wife and sons in the drawing-room, there to drink a cup or two of tea to the continuance of this most happily renewed relationship. Will you not come, my dear father?"

The people thus addressed said nothing at all. They stood grouped exactly as the beginning of Robert's speech had found them; but all their eyes remained bent seriously upon Mr. Carter senior. Robert had been well inspired in his choice of telephone numbers during his late ten minutes' absence in the house. He was also, it appears, fortunate in his friends. It was now that Mr. Carter senior exhibited a first trace of the possession of anything like an admirable quality. He laughed and he said, "Spiked, by the Pope!" And then he said, "Bobby, I congratulate you." And then he turned as if to go away.

"One moment, father," said Robert. "Though you reject my offer of hospitality and tea, and the pleasant conversation of my friends, you must not think that I can allow you to contemplate a total severance of our connection. I am a man who understands his responsibilities. After all, I owe it to you that I am in this world, which, I do not hesitate to say, I find a very agreeable place. I am to that extent enormously grateful to you. And so let me inform you that every Monday morning on which you care to present yourself at the cash counter of Bona's Bank in the Strand you will be given two pounds. If you don't come on Monday morning before twelve you will have to get along as best you can till the following Monday. And the payments will not be cumulative. Two pounds every week. That will give you an income, if you are regular in your attendances, of one hundred and four pounds yearly. But if ever you come here again, if ever you write to me or to any of my friends, or offer to give me the smallest bit of trouble, the arrangement will automatically come to an end. I will instruct the bank to-night by letter, so you may, if you will, touch your first money to-morrow. Here is a cheque for two pounds. By presenting it you will establish your identity in the knowledge of the bank. For subsequent payments no cheque will be necessary—your signed receipt will be enough. And now you can take yourself off."

Again Mr. Carter senior laughed. "Admirable, Bobby!" he said, as he took the cheque and tucked it into a waistcoat pocket. "You haven't left me a leg to stand on. Not one. What you told me just now about your career left me still a bit in the dark as to how you've managed to get there so quickly. But I understand it now perfectly. I prophesy a very great future for you, my boy. But I see that I shall not benefit, however high you go. One hundred and four is the limit for me. Well, I'll try to please you by being punctual every Monday. But I must again congratulate you—damme, I must!—saving the Vicar's presence. And now, ladies and gentlemen, good-afternoon to you all. Bobby, adieu. Oh, you clever boy, I swear I'm proud of you!"

He took off his hat with a courtly sweep, slapped it in place again, paused one instant to light a new cigarette, and shambled away across the lawn. At the gate he turned and kissed his hand to them all. Then he vanished behind the privet-hedge.

"Come in to tea," said Robert to his friends. "Letty's bursting to hear all about it too."

THE END.

Oct. 24, 1917

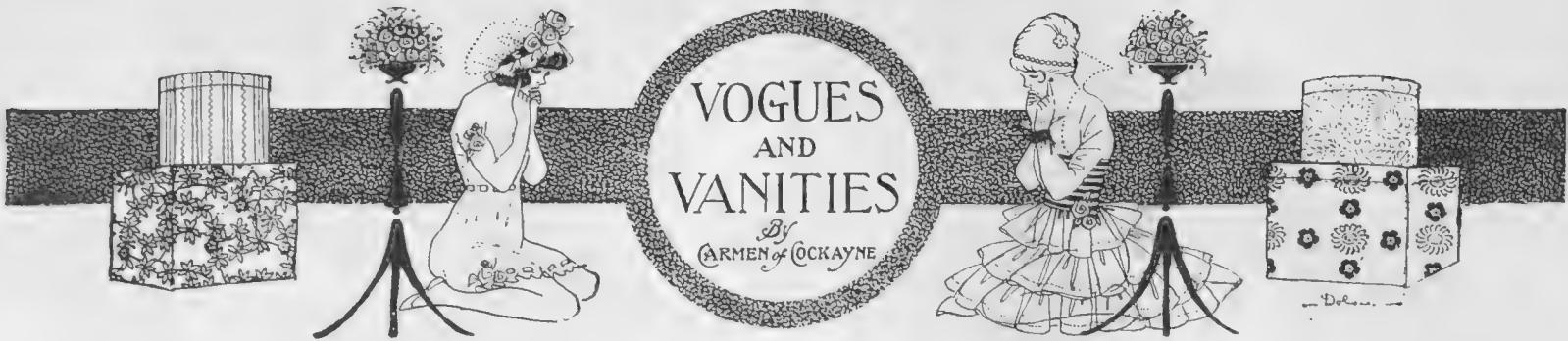
THE SKETCH.

SOME DAY, SOME BIRD, SOME WORM.



AN AFTER-THE-WAR VISION : A NEW USE FOR A BAYONET-SACK.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



**How to Live.** Fashions in home furnishing are based on the laudable principle that there's nothing so good as the all-British room, and the more modern in style, the better. There is, of course, nothing to prevent anyone indulging a taste for Jacobean furniture, or satisfying a craving for Chinese effects, or "spreading" themselves on Chippendale or household gods of any other period, if their purse can keep pace with their inclinations. Mrs. War Profits can change her newly acquired drawing-room as often from Louis Quinze to pure Japanese, and from Queen Anne to Elizabeth, without laying herself open to the reproach of being behind the times; but then, she does not belong to the majority that has to satisfy its craving for the beautiful in the home in some more modest way. Just now the majority is in a particularly happy position. Reproductions of foreign art are not quite so fashionable as they were. It is possible to hold up your head and feel cheerful even if your best room doesn't happen to hold a single piece of furniture or an ornament that is more than ten years old; and if your curtains are of Arras cloth with a tapestry border, or of Tintern canvas, instead of being replicas of Jacobean *portières*, well, it just goes to show that you are fully abreast of the times, and appreciate the freshness of modern English colouring, and have grasped the fact that at the moment colour is of even greater importance than design.

**Curtain Considerations.** What with the long evenings, the chances of aerial enemy visitations, and the tightening-up of the lighting regulations, curtains have become more important than ever. If it weren't for the energy and initiative of Williamson and Cole, 26, 28, and 30, High Street, Clapham, S.W., it would be a difficult matter to suppress the tell-tale glimpses of light that have already on more than one occasion caused trouble to unhappy house-owners.

The Army must have uniform, and though at first there does not appear to be much connection between khaki and the shortage of serge for curtains, the one is the direct result of the demand for the other. But there are other—and one can't help thinking better—things than serge for screening purposes. Adam curtains, for instance, on all English silk in various colours, as well as in black satin

faced curtain-cloth, with the designs in lacquer gold—an uncommon and particularly effective combination that has just made its bow to the British public.

**What Will You Have?**—Nobody, however, need face Adam productions against their will, and curtains vary as much as tastes. There are deep sapphire-velvet Creolean ones, with an appliquéd border in printed *toile-de-Jouy*, upon whose

grey background fruits in purple and blue and Chinese-red flourish in cheerful comeliness, the straight run of the band being broken now and again by large cretonne motifs. As an alternative, curtains of black or plain-coloured substances—like *rep-de-luxe*, which looks like rich poplin, or bloom-linen, which has the war-time virtue of withstanding wear and tear, and washing well into the bargain—are given borders of varying colours decorated with jade-green and Chinese-red dice for greater cheerfulness.

**Wool for Ornament.** There is, in fact, no end to the ingenuity of those who work to make other people's homes beautiful, and the greatest fashion enthusiast is not keener at his job than your curtain-maker, who devotes endless time and thought to the planning of new and fresh schemes.

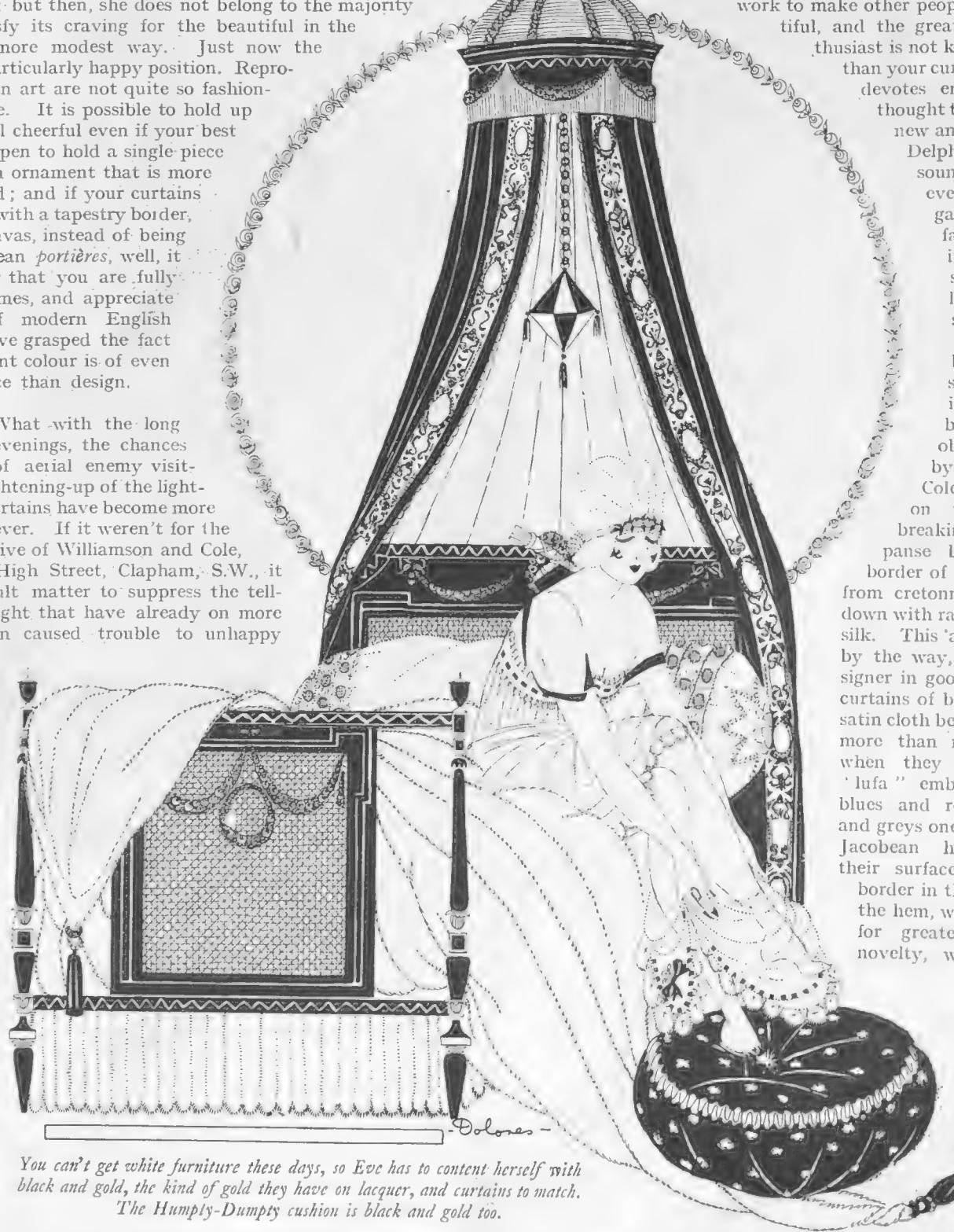
Delphinium-blue sounds a trifle gay, even at a time when gay colours are fashionable and it is everybody's sacred duty to look on the bright side of things. But delphinium-blue *bolton* sheeting is turned into effective and by no means too obtrusive curtains by Williamson and Cole, who have hit on the device of

breaking the blue expanse by an appliquéd border of the flowers cut from cretonne and stitched down with rather thick black silk. This appliquéd device, by the way, stands the designer in good stead. Plain curtains of black or coloured satin cloth become something more than merely ordinary when they show bars of "lifa" embroidery in the blues and reds and greens and greys one associates with Jacobean hangings across their surface, and a deep border in the same style at the hem, which is finished, for greater gaiety and novelty, with a woollen fringe reproducing the colours of the decoration.

**Help from an Ally.**

And, talking about curtains, England hasn't yet suc-

ceeded in being self-supporting in this matter. But while we are learning to produce the brocades and damasks that convention demands for use in the public rooms of the British home, Italy has thrown herself into the breach and gives us wonderful effects in bronze, jade-green, and copper-colour, antique rose and black, and other combinations in rich silks and shining satins



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*The Humpty-Dumpty cushion is black and gold too.*

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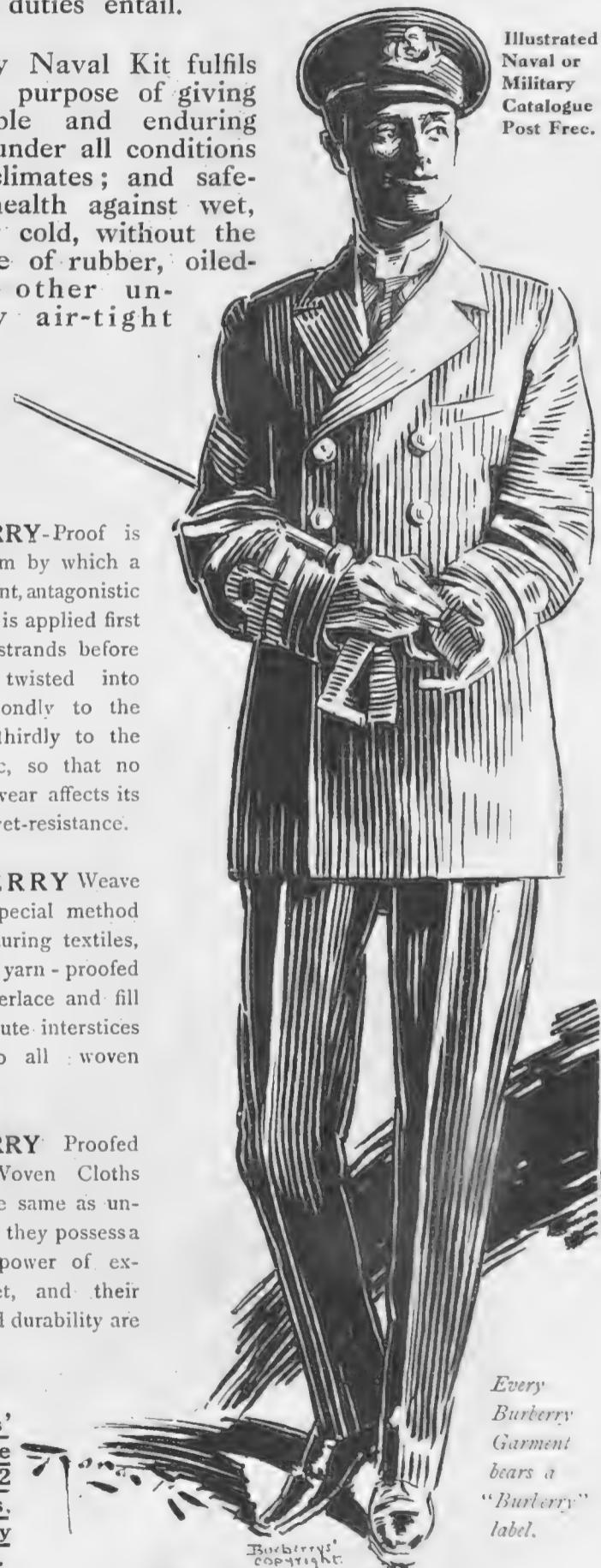
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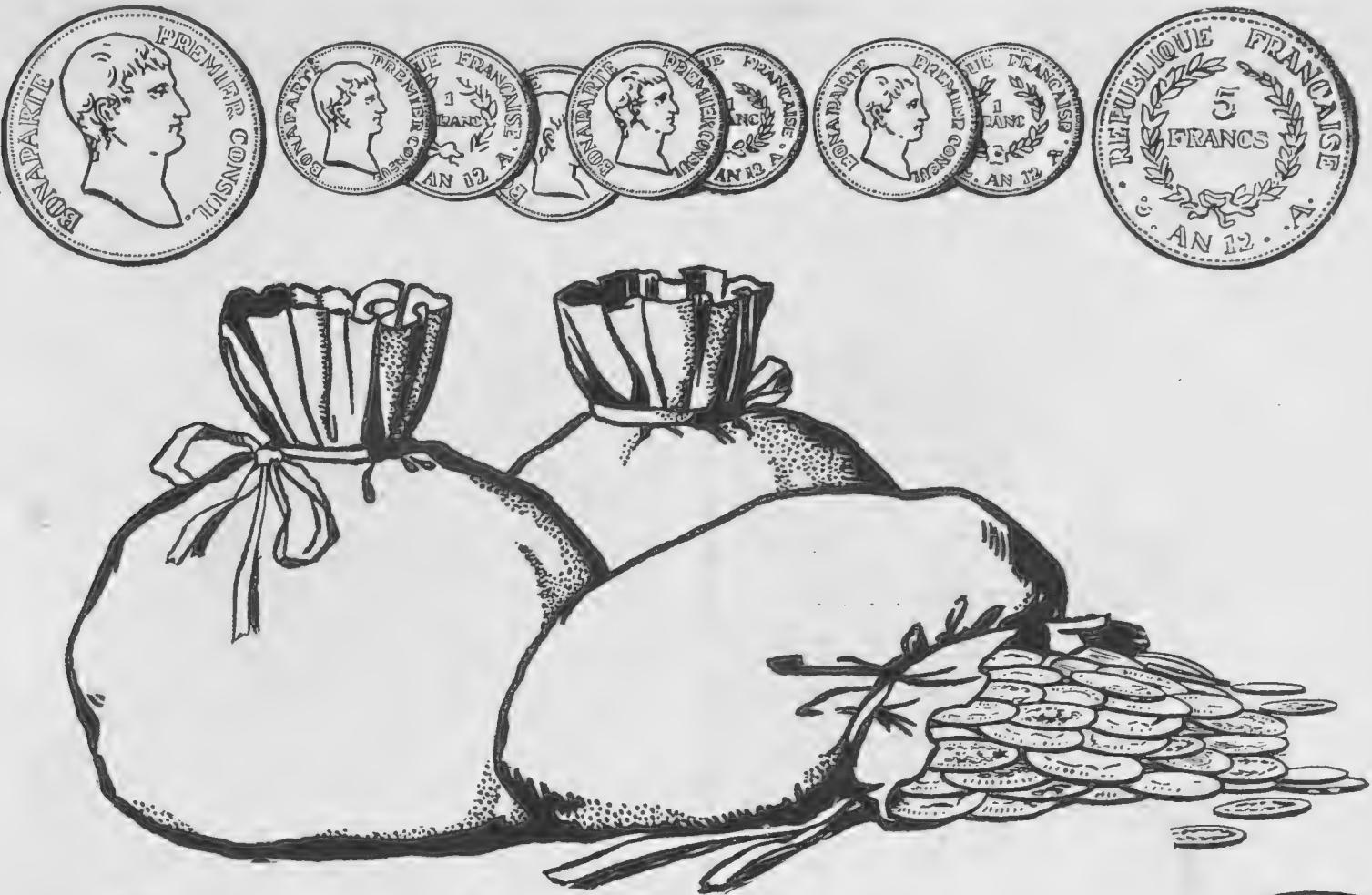
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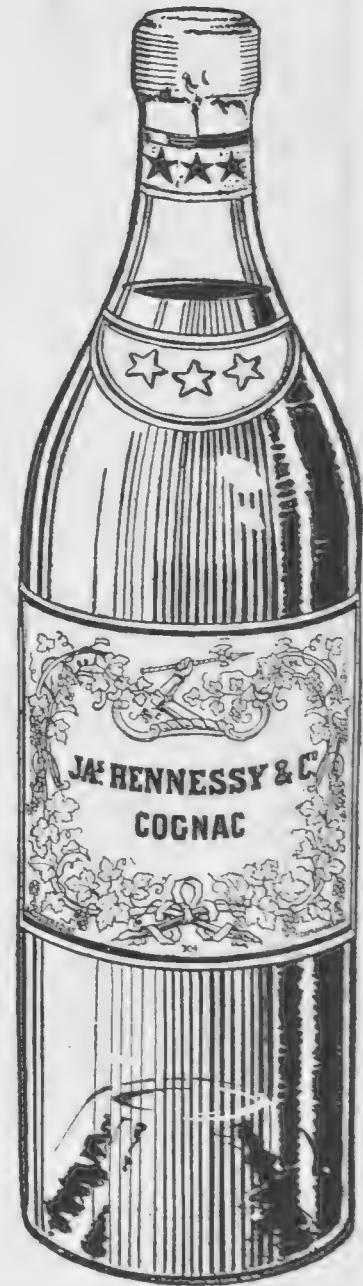
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*Medical Officer's remarkable statement to Board of Guardians.*

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That evidence is before us in a newspaper report, two columns long, of an interview between the local Board of Guardians and their Medical Officer, who had prescribed Sanatogen for a sick child and thereby saved its life.

(For obvious reasons we suppress names and places, but the original article can be seen at our London office.)

Now, as the little patient was an inmate of the local infirmary, everything prescribed for him "came out of the ratepayers' pockets"; so the Guardians were anxious to know whether Sanatogen was really a *necessity* in such cases.

Then the doctor told them the facts—"straight and fair," as one of them remarked afterwards. It was his duty, he said, to keep the child alive if he could. When he ordered Sanatogen the boy was practically comatose—to all intents and purposes dead to the outside world—could not stand—could only swallow if fed on his back—and had to be nursed night and day. *Yet within a fortnight of taking Sanatogen he was running about the ward!*

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Here is a well-known Doctor's view:

Dear Sirs,

At the end of July I wrote telling you that owing to a serious illness my hair was coming out at an alarming rate. You were good enough to send me a bottle of Tatcho. It gives me very great pleasure to tell you that its use has been followed by the most satisfactory result. My hair has not only stopped coming out but all over the scalp there is a fairly thick growth of new hair. Will you please send me—by return, if possible—another bottle exactly like the last, with an invoice, together with two bottles for ladies' use.

Yours faithfully,  
\_\_\_\_\_, M.D., L.R.C.P.

The signed original of the above and of similar testimonials, not only from other medical men, but from Princesses, Peers and Peeresses, Military and Naval Officers, &c., &c., can be seen at the address below.

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REGENT STREET W.I.



**Duty or Vanity?** A dress-loving woman compelled to wear uniform has many moments of real self-sacrifice. When going out she thinks, as of old, of her prettiest and newest possessions, and settles which she shall wear. Then comes the awful thought—"Of course I can't; I'm in the W.A.A.C., and can only wear uniform." It is not becoming uniform, either, for, if not actually khaki, it is first-cousin to it, and khaki is unkind to the skin feminine. So the latest cape and skirt, the cherished tie and muff of Fisher sable, and the duckiest new toque of velvet and fur, trimmed with metal flowers, has to be put away. The poor woman, instead, dons a skirt eight inches off the ground a tunic of double pockets, a shirt of khaki silk with tie to match—a paler-hued collar is allowed—and a felt hat with a badge. Also thick leather gloves. Happily, there are times off duty. But for them, it might be said, "Abandon vanity, all ye who enrol here."

**Furriers' Bills or Doctors' Bills?** Now lasses and matrons, get funds from your men, and away to the furriers hie! The cold snap has come, if not to stay, to play hide and seek with other specimens of weather.



FASHIONS FOR MOTHER AND CHILD.

The mother's frock consists of a fascinating coat of grey cloth, with a waistcoat embroidered in black, silver, and cherry-red soutache, and a small skunk collar. It is worn over a frock of black satin and grey chiffon. The little girl's coat is made of black-and-white checked cheviot, with collar and sash of bright-green jersey cloth finished with wool balls.

Coolie hats of brown plaited straw are wreathed with silver and gold roses. Beauty may take a style from so humble a source, but she will show that it has been raised by her notice to higher realms.

## THE WOMAN ABOVT TOWN

Autumn 1917.

Naturally, we are very anxious to know how we are to be clothed during this fourth autumn of war. Well, according to a dainty little book published by Harrods, and beautifully illustrated, we shall be charmingly dressed. There are fur coats, real beauties, from 15 guineas to almost any price; and for wee girls, too, are most fascinating coats in fur from 4½ guineas. It is, of course, recognised that in buying at Harrods one is buying the best. There are fur sets, at very varied prices, all charming; and as to the hats, they are styleful to a degree, and the prices—from 2 to 4 guineas for hats in panne or velvet—are most reasonable. The semi-evening gowns will form a fascinating study, as will also the day dresses and coats and skirts. Wrap-coats are probably what everyone is thinking of; of these there is an almost unbelievable variety, full of fascination. I strongly advise writing to Harrods for "Autumn 1917" before making any purchases. It is a reliable guide.

**A Bridal Outfit.**

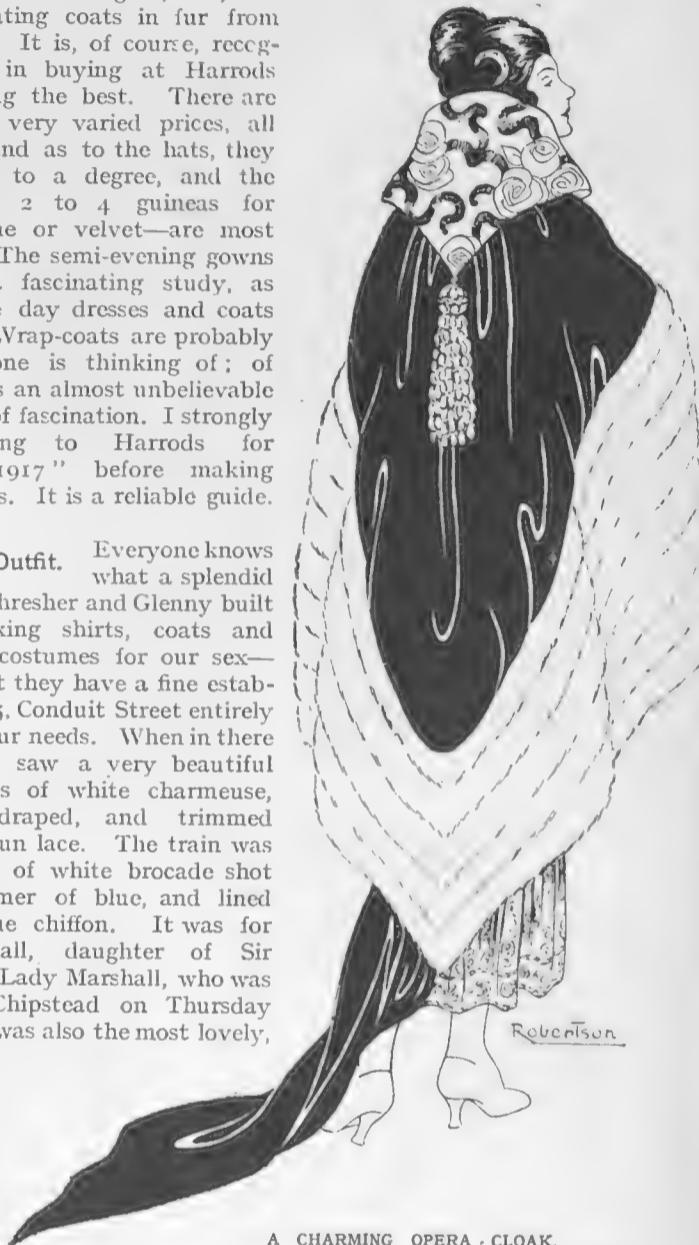
Everyone knows what a splendid reputation Thresher and Glenny built up for making shirts, coats and skirts, and costumes for our sex—so great that they have a fine establishment at 5, Conduit Street entirely devoted to our needs. When in there last week I saw a very beautiful wedding-dress of white charmeuse, beautifully draped, and trimmed with needle-run lace. The train was lovely, being of white brocade shot with a shimmer of blue, and lined with pale-blue chiffon. It was for Miss Marshall, daughter of Sir Horace and Lady Marshall, who was married at Chipstead on Thursday last. There was also the most lovely, dainty, and delicate lin-

gerie, which is nowhere so attractive as at this well-known establishment; and there was a delightful

going-away dress, and other costumes. So the bride is beautifully turned out. Her father will be Lord Mayor of London in succession to the Chief Magistrate who takes office next month. Thresher's designs for the autumn are, as usual, practical, styleful, and really good. They are well worth a visit, as they form a study in distinction in dress.

**Loss More Than Replaced.**

There are many lamentations in these strenuous days about the loss of hair, which is a trying aspect of strain and anxiety inflicted on our sex by long-continued war. I have good news for those who begin to feel disfigured by ravages on this our womanly chief glory. At the Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, the work of nature, in the way of hair, is equalled—nay, it is excelled, for those waves and curves which one's own hair obstinately refuses to take, "La Naturelle," the wonderful work of Maison Georges, takes and keeps. I made a visit there the other day, and saw the fine work-rooms, where everything is done in the most dainty possible way; also I saw toupees and whole coiffures, and felt that there was no terror in loss of hair when such artists as those at Maison Georges are available. It appears exactly as if it were growing, and is parted anywhere, and dressed exactly as one's own hair. As a matter of fact, it is, to all intents and purposes, grown on the premises. I have never seen prettier or more absolutely becoming and styleful coiffures, and so, dear readers who may be bewailing the loss of your locks, take comfort—Maison Georges can replace them.



A CHARMING OPERA-CLOAK.

This cloak is made of black velvet, with a wide border of tailless ermine, and has a decorative collar of rose-colour-and-silver metallic brocade, weighted with a crystal tassel.

## It Must be Wolsey

Wolsey, because of the high price of wool, may cost more (like most other things nowadays), but it is still the most economical underwear in the end. Wolsey is the best protection against the cold and damp of wintry days—the surest aid to health. But it must be Wolsey.

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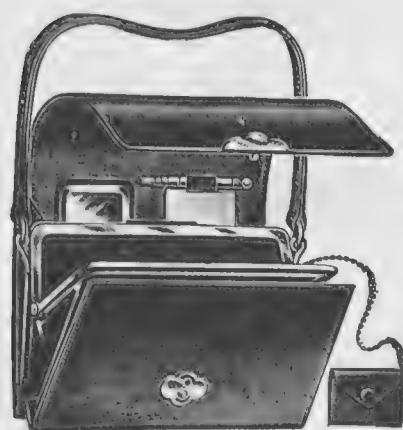


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**WOMAN'S WAYS**

**The Sordid End of War.** We are now told—by the Food Controller—that this war is going to resolve itself into the great game of starving each other out. This, surely, is the end of all the heroics about fighting. The only real and fair warfare was when Kings and Princes mounted their horses and valiantly went forth to do battle with each other in person. The Sovereign who knocked the other one off his palfrey certainly proved himself the better man, and showed, in a primitive way, his right to rule his own subjects. But now that Kaiser Wilhelm II. is sending all the German schoolboys into the Inferno in Flanders, while he takes luxurious train-journeys all over Central Europe and surveys the starving populations, surely even the Boche will begin to question the "divine right of Kings," and to wonder if forcing war on the world is a good speculation. For, whereas we in England need only be reasonably careful, the German will find the coming shortage of meat and of milk will considerably lessen the population of the Fatherland. Up to now, there has been in England no general economy in food at all. Such displays of economical patriotism as have been made are almost entirely among the upper and upper-middle classes. And these are the people who will "stick it out" to the end.

**The Pleasures of the Table.** Considering how evanescent are the "pleasures of the table," it is extraordinary the undue importance which was attached to eating—before the war. There were many people who would not dine out, however brilliant and interesting the company, unless the dishes rivalled the conversation. It was probably for *gourmands* of that description that the Egyptians introduced the custom of the skeleton at the feast—or was it to create a diversion if the cooking was not up to the mark? Most normal folk prefer well-cooked food, but there is something rather repulsive about individuals whose conversation at the dinner-table runs entirely on what they are eating. For you can talk about vintages of wine—which represent the soul, the exaltation of a feast—when it is distasteful to discuss the wares of the butcher. A bottle of Burgundy or of champagne evokes a vision of sunny vineyards and blue skies, whereas a *filet de boeuf*, however adroitly prepared, suggests nothing whatever but a slaughter-house. We are carnivorous animals, but we need not lay stress upon the fact. I fancy that, after three or four years of economy and simplicity, we shall not easily fall into the habit again of undue "fussing" about meals.

Something I never see in a Name? or say the word "London" without being struck by its significance, its colour and sound, its dun tones, and its reverberating noise. What other name, indeed, would describe so well the capital of the Empire? It is a fine-sounding, resonant word; not beautiful, like "Rome"; or endearing, like "Paris"; or distinguished, like "Madrid." Yet, in the last analysis, London itself is beautiful because of its drawbacks, its smoke and noise, its ceaseless work and effort, its amazing docks, wharves, and railways; its proud, unending procession of ships from every far-off port; its factories, workshops, and banks. It is a moot point if cities do not grow to suit their names, for what can be more brilliant than Paris, proud than Rome, vulgarly pretentious than Berlin?—ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**A WAR-WORKER AT THE MINISTRY OF MUNITIONS: MISS O. E. MONKHOUSE.**

Miss O. E. Monkhouse holds the responsible position of Chief Woman Dilution Officer at the Ministry of Munitions.

Photograph by Swaine.

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**SOCIETY GOSSIP**

**Shakespeare in Welsh.**

Lady Mond's suggestion that Shakespeare should be translated and performed in Welsh is interesting; but her argument is surely a little strained. Shakespeare, she says, was the greatest poet of Tudor times; the Tudors were Welsh; therefore Shakespeare should be done into Welsh. On similar grounds one might advance a plea for translation of the plays into the Cockney dialect because the Bard lived and acted in London. One play at least would have to be left out of the Welsh version. "Henry IV." is complimentary neither to the Welsh people nor to the Welsh language, and sneers cruelly at the pretensions of Owen Glendower. Hotspur would rather have his dog "howl in Irish" than hear Lady Mortimer "sing in Welsh." Nor is the treatment of the Welshman in "The Merry Wives" quite respectful. Shakespeare, however, made amends in "Henry V." by giving Fluellen a heroic as well as a comic character.

**Bankruptcy and Longevity.**

Is association with bankruptcy—other people's bankruptcy—conducive to long life? It would almost seem that that temple of seediness and shattered hopes, the Bankruptcy Court, evolved some anti-old-age microbe. Mr. Brougham, who retires at the ripe age of ninety-one from the post of Senior Registrar, has been in the service of the law for sixty-nine years, and has actually been fifty-five years a Registrar. His case is a little exceptional; but half-a-century of service is, I believe, quite a common thing in the Bankruptcy Court.

**Sir John Simon's Briefs.**

Who will get Sir John Simon's briefs now Sir John Simon is serving in a barren and briefless land? His departure must have made impecunious hearts in the Temple sing with joy. For, with the present dearth of eminent counsel, Sir John's practice was beginning to beat all records for lucrativeness. Probably no barrister has had so easy a path to success, forensic and political, as Sir John Simon. He has behind him an Attorney Generalship, a Home Secretaryship, and a refused offer of the Woolsack, and he is only forty-five still. Is it wonderful that the Bar attracts the ambitious, when, in spite of its many blanks, it offers such glittering prizes?

**The Problem of the Air.**

It was, of course, inevitable, in view of the material damage and pathetic personal side of the latest air-raid, that there should be a clamour of many voices asking how it was that the invading Zeppelins escaped from England, although, as it proved, only to be brought down in France. But, in common justice, the extraordinary difficulty in even winging an enemy in the air should be borne in mind. Terrible as the results of some of the raids have been, and bitter the comments they have evoked, it is only fair to look at the credit as well as the debit side of the account. That the attacks are spurring our men to almost superhuman effort is undeniable, and the problem of the air will be solved ere long. Some of the best brains in the country are at work upon it, and so far as the actual fighting in the air is concerned, our men are second to those of no country in courage, and their skill and adroitness are increasing day by day. For the aviator is quick to learn.

**SERVING WITH THE W.A.A.C. IN FRANCE: MISS W. BAKER BROWN.**

Miss Baker Brown, who is working with the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps in France, is the daughter of Colonel Baker Brown, C.B.

Photograph by Swaine.





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## THE WHEEL AND THE WING



## THE KNELL OF PRIVATE BENEVOLENCE : AIRMAN AND ADMINISTRATOR : AEROPLANE WORK FOR WOMEN.

## Hard on the Wounded.

The new petrol order bears out all that I have said on previous occasions as to the use of cars for private purposes by people who obtain their petrol ostensibly for commercial vehicles or as medical practitioners—indeed, at a golf club to which I have walked for many months past all the cars that I regularly see there belong to doctors who have driven down from town. Under the new order, the use of doctors' cars for personal journeys is forbidden. Every purpose, in fact, to which petrol is now to be limited is specifically defined, and that is all to the good in so far as it prevents the continuance of any abuse. But, incidentally, the lid has been closed down upon any devotion of private cars to benevolent activities and the various organisations throughout the country which have been engaged in giving rides to wounded soldiers—formerly on a vast scale, but of late in necessarily limited fashion—will now have to cease their operations *in toto*. There have not been wanting, of course, people who have suggested that all this philanthropic effort is mere bunkum, apparently labouring under the idea that a car-owner had only to ape benevolence to ensure himself unlimited supplies of fuel, of which he would devote the major portion to his own private use. As a matter of fact, nothing of the kind has ever been possible, and never, since petrol was rationed over two years ago, has a single extra drop been served out to the benevolent as compared with those who used their cars exclusively for themselves. What the new Order has done, however, is definitely to omit once for all a provision for the recognition of philanthropic effort; and even cars devoted entirely to that purpose will now no longer be permitted to run.

## The New Air Chief.

Military Aeronautics, *vice* Lieutenant-General Sir David Henderson, resigned. The new chief is a real live man, and his presence on the Army Council is an earnest of a more active policy where the employment of the aeroplane as a military arm is concerned. In one sense the appointment came as a surprise, as it was supposed that Major-General Brancker would have the reversion of Sir David Henderson's office, and some amount of anxiety is entertained as to the nature of the "command abroad" to which Major-General Brancker has been transferred. He is a first-class airman and administrator, in whom the Royal Flying Corps places implicit reliance, and it is reasonable to assume that he has been entrusted with some new development of primary importance, as to the nature of which it is by no means difficult to conjecture. Meanwhile, the public awaits the terms of the promised Bill which is to constitute an Air Ministry;

Satisfaction is general in the aircraft world at the appointment of Major-General J. M. Salmond as Director-General of Military Aeronautics, *vice* Lieutenant-General Sir David Henderson, resigned. The new chief is a real live man, and his presence on the Army Council is an earnest of a more active policy where the

and when that step is ratified the future of the "fourth arm" as an effective force will be assured.

## Women Slackers.

When I ventured to suggest, a few weeks back, that women had not responded to their country's call to the degree that might have been expected of them, I was only too well aware that that view would run counter to popular opinion, inasmuch as large numbers had come forward and done noble and invaluable work. It was when I came across the official figures that I, for one, received an unpleasant shock, and made my comment accordingly as to the astonishing discrepancy between the numbers of men and women respectively now actually engaged in industrial work. The statements that have since been made, however, by Sir A. Geddes have furnished a striking, if unwelcome, confirmation of my contention. Millions of women have done splendid work, but there are many more millions who are not recorded as engaged in any occupation, and of these undoubtedly there is a considerable number who might come forward if they were not too indolent or too vain to work. Others have held back merely because they honestly believed that they were not wanted, while some have definitely proffered their services in various quarters, but have found that there was a plethora of volunteers.

A Desirable Opening. I raise the question anew, however, in order to point out one field in which female labour is not only urgently required, but which may be entered upon without fear by women who are not unwilling to work, yet doubt their own ability to undergo the hardships of field labour or even factory work of certain kinds.

In the fashioning of aeroplanes there is much that women can do and are doing; but the Government decision to magnify our present output, with a view to long-awaited "reprisals," so called, has provided fresh opportunities for enrolment. Now I have seen aeroplanes in course of construction in many places, and the fact has been abundantly borne home to me that a cleaner job

than that of working in wood on aeroplane ribs and struts could hardly be imagined. Even the "doping" rooms have long since been deprived of a once dangerous element; while there is work for women also in acetylene welding, and even various branches of strictly mechanical work. For the benefit of those who may not care to make direct application at a given factory, I may mention that a large establishment in London is now undergoing conversion into a



IN COMMAND OF THE LONDON AIRCRAFT DEFENCES : MAJOR-GENERAL E. B. ASHMORE, CMG., M.V.O.  
Photograph by Swaine.



SAID TO HAVE BEEN ON THE WAY TO BOMB LONDON : THE WRECKAGE OF A GOTHA WHICH LOST ITS COURSE AND FELL IN HOLLAND.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

training-school for aeroplane production, with room for five hundred pupils, and doubtless the Ministry of Munitions will be pleased enough to put any willing applicant on to the right path, and inform her where she may speedily acquire the necessary skill.

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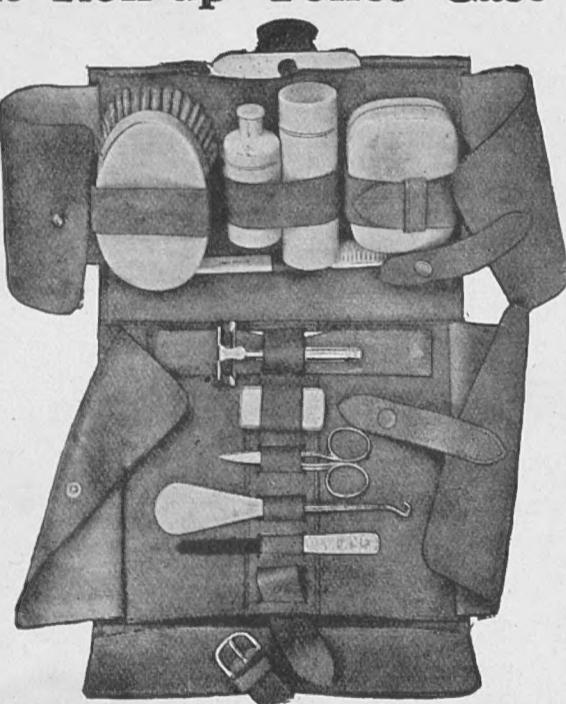


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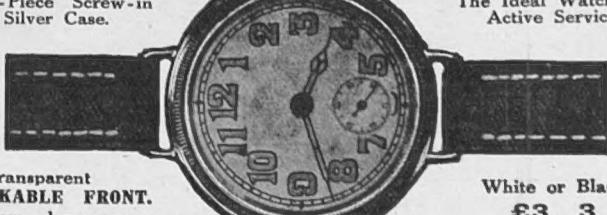
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**"The Long Trick."**

to married Naval officers—Admiralty calls it leave (the jug, loaf, and Her, singing beside him)—never has he conspired with Her

to shatter and remould the Scheme of Things entire. And why hasn't he? Because he lives already in the land—or shall we say, on the sea—of Heart's Desire. Look at his Navy! Our Navy. You will see nothing but it in this "Long Trick" of his (Cassell). The Navy travelling up to the Highlands by night express; the Navy messing, smoking, regatta-ing, boxing, fighting (Jutland Battle is not omitted), dying, or strolling into a certain little corner that the Navy has buoyed out for itself back of Regent Street to examine its medals, its very bright medals, new since morning. Could any conceivable scheme of things be more satisfactory? Heroes all, moving under a *panache* of modesty that brushes aside the dazzling deed with some adorable ribaldry, some dry ennui—oh, "Bartimeus" knows how! Ilium and Greece make a poor show by

comparison; but perhaps Homer wrote for a different public. Anyhow, not one of all the dear lovely girls who will read "Bartimeus" could get off without at least four hopeless passions were it not for that sinister band of lovely Penelopes who lodge in the Highlands, eat their meals on headlands in order to catch the big battle-ships while they are yet the size of a man's hand on the horizon—who talk, sleep, and dream husbands' Navy without end! It would take a bold young thing to fall in love with one of *their* husbands. Hands off, my dears! Likewise glad eyes. I am wondering, "Bartimeus," when you say "Long Trick," whether you allude to your own entertaining effort or to our "Great Silent." They have a long trick on hand too, haven't they? I observe yours is arranged in water-

MISS JOAN MUSGRAVE: A NEW PORTRAIT.

Miss Joan Moira Musgrave is the elder daughter of Sir Richard John Musgrave, fifth Baronet, of Tourin, Cappoquin, Co. Waterford, and was born in 1892. Her mother was, before her marriage, Miss Jessie Dunsmuir, daughter of the late Hon. R. Dunsmuir, of Craigdarroch, Victoria, British Columbia.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

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tight compartments, so that, though covered by the title as a whole, one may happily take "Carrying On" or "Good Hunting," or whatever, as a sufficiently complete part. Of these I like "Wet Bobs" away the best. It contains that exquisite dream of the Captain of the Forecastle, to whom his wife appeared on R gatta Eve: "Fred," she says—but I shan't say. It is a jewel of a story, and alone well worth the price of the whole book. Please forgive me chatting away to you in this offhand manner.

For one thing, my editor likes me to be chatty; and, for another, I feel that way with you in remembrance of a dinner which I ate in your company at a charming house on the banks of the Hamoaze. I also, you will guess, belong in a very humble measure to the Non-Pareil, though not yet have I eaten sandwiches in the Highlands. But it goes without saying that I have your book and prize it; right in front of your lauded dedication, and in case one should grow too uplifted, I have transcribed a remark which was wrung from an enthusiastic R.F.C. pilot who is a friend of mine. It contains a direct reference to the Navy made after a visit to the Air Board. Some day, should happy chance bring me dining in your company once again, I'll tell it you. Meantime, you must please possess your soul in patience, and in hope.



DOING GOOD WORK FOR WOUNDED OFFICERS: LADY FURNESS.

Lady Furness, who is running a hospital for two hundred wounded officers, is the wife of Baron Furness, and is devoting much time and thought to the management of a hospital for wounded officers, at Harrogate. Lady Furness was, before her marriage, Miss Daisy Hogg, daughter of Mr. G. J. H. Hogg, of Seaton Carew, Co. Durham.

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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE Palace Theatre has thrown overboard its own particular brand of revue, and is now presenting a musical farce which in reality is a farce on quite orthodox lines, apart from the fact that the characters now and then sing songs—without any provocation, and with hardly sufficient excuse in the quality of the songs, for the music might well have a more novel flavour. The farce is based upon the famous motive of "Prêtes-Moi Ta Femme," and Mr. Hicks, as author, has succeeded in giving some new twists to the old theme. Indeed, the book, if revised by someone with a wittier pen and greater technical constructive skill, would probably enjoy great success on the ordinary stage. However, as it stands, "Cash on Delivery" caused a great deal of laughter, and appears to be really to the taste of the patrons of the Palace Theatre. Mr. Hicks, in the principal part, was, of course, splendidly energetic, if not always quite respectful to himself as dramatist, being apt to seek laughter without regard to the plausibility of his methods; still, he got it. Miss Ellaline Terriss, as the other principal, plays charmingly, and did most of the singing; the theatre is a little big for her voice, but she triumphed by her skilful delivery of the words. Miss Gwendoline Brogden played a part without a song, and really acted very well as a young woman, wife of a jealous man, who pretended for a while to be bride of the hero. Perhaps the greatest success of the evening was caused by the broad, unforced humour of Miss Elizabeth Watson as an amorous old maid. Nor should the handsome chorus be overlooked.

Mr. Bayard Veiller's new play, "The Thirteenth Chair," is a workmanlike specimen of the murder mystery type, which one would call "Mayfair melodrama" but for the fact that the venue is laid in New York. I am rather glad that it is New York, for it would be dreadful to think that we had such despotic detectives as they seem to possess over there. After the fashion of the detective-story writers, the playwright amuses himself—or the audience—by keeping up a mystery as to the real criminal until the last few minutes of his drama, and of the first night; for it is the weakness of this method of writing that the murder is out after the first performance. Undoubtedly the old method of making no mystery to the audience is more effective, and dramatists will have to return to it sooner or later—reluctantly, for it requires greater skill in treatment. Mr. Veiller is clever in working up his sensations and creating an atmosphere; and one character, Mme. Rosalie la Grange, the humbugging medium, is cleverly drawn. Fortunately, she was played by Mrs. Patrick Campbell: it is difficult to believe that the play would exist without her. She gives a vivid picture of the charlatan who half-believes that she has abnormal powers—and certainly possesses some wit, as well as the irresistible charm of Mrs. Pat. Many people once used to believe that Mrs. Campbell owed her success entirely to the charm of her fascinating personality; but here is a real character-study, a queer creature that dominates the stage, and gives life to the rather heavy manœuvres connected with the story about the séance, during which a murder was committed which perplexed the despotic detective and an audience impudently misled by red herrings. I should also mention the

[Continued overleaf.]



A WELL-KNOWN THEATRICAL PRESS MANAGER ATTACHED  
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Mr. Charles William O'Connor, well known as a theatrical Press representative for the Palace and other theatres, was recently gazetted a Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., attached R.N.A.S., and has gone to France. He was one of the pioneers of aviation in this country. On the outbreak of war he joined the 9th Bedfordshire Regiment, and received the Silver Badge, having resigned through an accident on active service.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

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the question of relative values; it is not, of course, expected that Manfield's, or any other, can for the same money supply the same article as before the war. But in principle it is quite true to say that the "MANFIELD VALUE" is unchanged—it is still as high as ever, when judged by current standards of value. Increasing prices tend to confuse the issue in the public mind, so it is as well occasionally to repeat and insist on the fact.

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